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[FIRST APPEARANCE OF MISS GRIP.]

## GLORIA; OR, MARRIED IN RAGE.

### CHAPTER VII.

LAMIA took the exhausted child up to her room, undressed, and put her into bed without awakening her.

Once, indeed, the poor little creature half waked as she was finally laid on her pillow; but she only sobbed and swooned away to sleep.

Lamia stood by the bed watching her for a few minutes, and seeing that she was not likely to wake for hours to come, left the chamber and went down stairs to join her "mammy" in the room of death.

Together they washed and dressed the dead, and laid it out neatly on the long table to await the undertaker. Then 'Phia lighted a couple of wax candles and placed one at the head and one at the foot.

Lastly, the two set the room in perfect order, replenished the fire, and finally took up their positions, sitting, one on the right, and the other on the left of the body, to watch until daylight.

Dr. Prout remained all night with his sorrowing friend, and then, after an early breakfast the next morning, departed to make, at the request of Colonel de Crespigny, the necessary arrangements for the funeral.

When Marcel de Crespigny re-entered the room of death he found it filled with an atmosphere of repose that calmed even his perturbed spirit. He went to the table and turned down the white linen cover, and saw the face of the dead soothed into a peaceful beauty such as it had never known in life. He gazed on it for some minutes, and then stooped

and pressed his lips to the cold, quiet brow with more tenderness than he had ever kissed the living woman. Then he reverently covered the face again, and stole silently from the room.

Little Gloria slept the deep sleep of mental and physical prostration. She did not wake until noon. Then she awoke to memory, and to an agony of grief that refused to be comforted.

"And not a lady about de house to look arter de poor chile! Not eben a white 'oman anywheres in reach. An' me an' Lamia, dat oberloaded with work, along ob dis drea'ful business!" groaned 'Phia, as she trotted from chamber to parlour, and from parlour to kitchen, on her multifarious duties.

Even in the midst of her lamentations she met relief. In the kitchen she found David Lindsay and his grandmother, just arrived, and waiting to see if they could be of any use.

David, on coming to work that morning, had met Dr. Prout, and had anxiously inquired if any one was sick at the "house," and in answer had received the news of Madam de Crespigny's death.

Then remembering the limited resources of service in that small and isolated household, David, with the thoughtfulness of a boy who had long had a man's responsibilities on his own young shoulders, re-entered his boat and rowed rapidly across to the little sandy isle, to tell his grandmother, and even to suggest her returning with him.

The gentle old dame saw even more clearly than her grandson had done, the need they had of her at Promontory Hall. So she lost no time in getting ready to go, and in less than half an hour from the moment when she received the news, she stood in Sophia's kitchen, earnestly offering her services.

"If you'll only look arter de chile, which I b'lieve you is a great favourite 'long o' her, dat is all as I shall ax ob you," said 'Phia.

And so the sweet old dame "looked after" little Gloria, and comforted her, night and day, during the three days that preparations for the funeral went on.

Meanwhile, David Lindsay made himself useful in many ways at the Hall during the day, and at night returned to the little isle to take care of the house in the absence of his mistress.

Often Gloria tried to see and console her stricken uncle; but he always refused to have her, saying:

"Let all innocent beings keep aloof from me."

Thus, in alternations between the frenzy of remorse and the stupor of despair, Marcel de Crespigny passed the interval between the death and burial of his "murdered wife," as, in his morbid self-reproach, he called her.

"Words kill!" he answered to the expostulations of his friend, the doctor. "Words kill, and I killed her with cruel words! The last words I spoke to her—the last words her failing senses heard from me—were cruel, murderous words! They killed her! What though no law can drag me before an earthly tribunal to answer for her life? Before the awful judgment seat, I stand a self-convicted murderer!"

The good doctor shrugged his shoulders, reflecting that it was of no use to argue with a man whose morbid sensibility made him, for the time being, a monomaniac.

Marcel de Crespigny, who had so greatly distinguished himself for martial courage and ability during the dreadful war, was weaker than a child where his sympathies were involved.

This weakness had betrayed him into all the misery of his life. It had drawn him, in his early youth, into a marriage with a plain, sickly, faded woman, who loved him with that morbid, exclusive, absorbing passion that, disappointed, sometimes sends its victim to the mad-house or the grave.

He had married her—let the truth be told—from the promptings of compassion alone. He had given her all that he had to give—sympathy, tenderness, service. But this was not love—not the love she craved and missed. Hence came humiliation, morbid brooding, and the monomania that turned all his kindly acts and motives into outrage and offence.

Had children blessed their union, and so divided

her thoughts and affections, or had they—the husband and wife—though childless, lived in a city, where society must have claimed some of her attention, and taught her something of life, she might have been much healthier in mind and body, and their marriage might have been happier.

But in the drear solitude of Promontory Hall, with no children to fondle, no society but that of the studious, intellectual man whom she vainly and madly loved, there could have been but one of two results for her—madness or death. The most merciful of the two was hers.

But it was also impossible that Dr. Crespiigny's mind, under all these circumstances, should have retained its healthy tone, or that his long patience should not have at last become exhausted, so that in one moment of unexampled exasperation he lost the self-control of years, and told her the truth—the truth, not "in love," but in wrath and scorn that had slain her.

Now he would not seek to palliate his fault or justify himself. He would not remember the jealousy, the violence, the acrimony with which she had driven him to frenzy; he would only remember her strong love for him and his secret indifference to her, and his deeply sympathetic, and compassionate and conscientious spirit suffered pangs of remorse that would seem to others morbid, excessive and unjustifiable.

On the fifth day following the catastrophe, the remains of Eusebio de Crespiigny were placed in an elegant rose-wood casket and conveyed by boat to the little gothic chapel on La Compté's Landing, where they were met by a small number of old friends and neighbours, and where, after the religious services were over, they were consigned to the family vault under the chancel.

Immediately after the funeral, Marcel de Crespiigny utterly broke down and fell ill of a brain fever.

Dr. Front, taking authority on himself in the household anarchy, installed Mrs. Lindsay as nurse, and wrote to his family.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### MISS GRIP.

WITHIN ten days after the despatch of the doctor's letter it was answered in person by the colonel's maiden aunt, who, after many misadventures, reached Promontory Hall in the afternoon of a very bitter cold January day.

Miss Agrippina de Crespiigny, called by her familiars Miss Grip, was a slight, wiry little woman, with a dark skin, sharp nose and chin, small, keen, brilliant black eyes, tightly curled, bright black hair, and a trim figure, clothed in a close, black cashmere gown, with stiff white linen collar and cuffs—a tough little body she was, whose sixty years of life's hard buffeting had not seemed to have saddened, weakened, or in any other way aged, but rather matured, hardened and strengthened.

For now, in the very depth of one of the hardest winters that ever was known here, she had undertaken an arduous journey of more than twelve hundred miles, from the green savannahs of the "sunny south" to the frozen regions of the icy north, travelling without rest, both day and night, by railroads, stagecoaches and tavern hacks, and at length arrived at her destination, none the worse for her performance, without showing the slightest sign of suffering from cold, or from fatigue.

The last half-day of her hard week's journey had been peculiarly trying. She had reached St. Inigoos by stage coach early in the morning. After a hasty breakfast she had started in the springless carry-all belonging to the inn for the Promontory. When she reached the shore she had to wait hours there for the tide to ebb before she could cross over the neck of land that connected the island cape to the main.

Even then the passage was difficult and dangerous from the piled up blocks of ice that lay across the road.

"I really thought that I was coming to a habitable part of the globe, at least; but this is Nova Zembla. Just Nova Zembla and nothing else. A waste fragment of a continent, flung out as useless into an arctic sea," said Miss Grip, as the old carriage pitched and tumbled along the narrow ice-encumbered isthmus towards the snow-clad promontory.

"I had heard it called a many hard names, miss, but I never heard it called 'Disembance afore,'" replied the driver.

"Well, then, hold your tongue and mind your

horse, or you'll upset me," rather irrelevantly concluded Miss Grip.

When the rickety carry-all drew up before the old iron gate in the old stone wall that enclosed the stern-looking grey-stone house, Miss Grip gave voice once more.

"Is it a police-station or a penitentiary, or a warehouse, or a fort, or something of the sort. This never was meant for a gentleman's private residence."

But she did not even wait to cross the threshold before she seized the reins of government. As soon as she alighted from the carry-all she began to issue her orders to the driver.

"Take the carriage around to the stables—of course there are stables and you must find them—put up the carriage, feed and water the horses, then come around to the kitchen. You must get your supper before you go back. Stop, let my trunk off first and bring it up into the house."

The driver began to obey these orders as the brisk little woman ran up the steps and sounded an alarm on the iron knocker.

Laban opened the door, and the driver carried in the trunk and put it down on the hall floor and departed about his other business.

"How is your master?" sharply demanded Miss Grip of the astonished servant.

"Jus' de same," replied the man, as if the answer had been rapped out of him.

"How the same?"

"Ossensible."

Miss Grip immediately took off her bonnet and shawl, and flung them on the hat-stand, saying:

"Show me the way up through this old jail to the den where your master lies."

The man looked daggers at the insolent little woman, but obeyed her, and led the way to the spacious upper chamber where the patient lay, watched by old Mrs. Lindsay and patient little Gloria.

Miss Agrippina nodded silently to the nurse, then kissed the child, and sent her out of the room, saying that a sick room was no wholesome place for a little girl.

Now that Miss de Crespiigny had come to take her proper place at the bedside of her suffering nephew, good Mrs. Lindsay found herself at liberty to return home and look after her own little affairs.

The child wept at parting with her old friend, and said:

"I know there's no work to do at the landing while all this snow and ice is piled up everywhere, but, oh, do please to send David Lindsay to see me sometimes. I shall be so lonesome when you are gone."

The gentle old dame promised to do so, and went away to look for Laban to row her over to the little isle.

This, though a very short, was not always a very safe trip, at this season of the year, when floating blocks of ice endangered the little boat, and it was only by watchfulness and skill that it was ever accomplished safely.

From that hour Miss Grip administered the government at Promontory Hall.

She was an accomplished nurse and housekeeper, and not at all an unkindly woman, notwithstanding her quick ways. She held a consultation with the doctor on his next visit, and learned from him the facts of the case, of which she would not inquire of the servants, or even permit them to speak.

"It was the most unhappy marriage I ever heard of. But then I always knew Marcel would make a mess of it," was her only comment on the story.

Then she devoted herself to her sick nephew, who, in his delirium, was always holding imaginary conversations with his lost wife, and sealing a reconciliation, such as in the past had always followed one of their quarrels.

Even Miss Grip would sometimes smile and sometimes weep to hear him say:

"I know it, my dear. I knew you did not mean all that you said. I knew you were excited. Yes, I know, for all that, you love me, Eusebio. There, say no more about it, dear. Let us try to forget it," and so forth, for hours, until exhaustion and stupor would follow.

It was a long illness. The February thaw had come and melted the "iceberg," as Miss Grip called the snow-clad promontory, before Marcel de Crespiigny passed the crisis of his fever, and then he was so weak in mind as well as body that another month passed away before he had gradually recovered strength enough to sit up in his easy-chair and converse a little.

Next, when he was able to hear a sustained discourse, he gave Miss Grip his own version of the fatal quarrel that had precipitated the catastrophe, not sparing himself in the least, but heaping bitter

reproaches upon his own head, as he had done from the first.

"Yet," said Miss Agrippina, "I cannot see that you were so much to blame. But, in any case, it is of no use to look back. All that you can do now, is to atone in the future for what you have done amiss in the past. She has left you no child of her own; but she has left a little niece whom she loved. Be a good father to that orphan."

"I will do so," answered de Crespiigny, very meekly.

"And now, Marcel, take my advice: Whatever you do, don't make a fool of yourself again by getting married. Such a bookworm as you has no business with a wife. So don't be an idiot."

"I will not," sighed the colonel, obediently.

When he grew stronger still he sent for the little portable cabinet in which his lost wife was accustomed to keep her papers, and he had it placed upon a stand between his easy-chair and the open wood fire, and here he went through her letters, with the intention of burning all of them, lest they should by unforeseen accident fall into other hands.

And here he found what newly awoke his grief and his remorse. It was the last will, duly drawn up, signed, and addressed, in which she bequeathed to him the whole of her real and personal estate.

Folded in this with the document was a letter, dated some time back, and addressed to her husband, to be opened after her death. It seemed to have been written just after one of their fiery quarrels and sorrowful reconciliations. In it she wrote:

"I feel that someday I shall die suddenly in some of my mad fits of excitement. I feel that when it shall have happened, without time for reconciliation I shall want to speak to you from the other life. I shall want to reach my hand across the great gulf that divides us and be reconciled to you from the other side. But that may not be my privilege; so I write to you now, and leave with you, for that time, what I feel that I shall want to say to you then."

And here followed a most pathetic plea for charitable construction of her confessed infirmities of temper, and a prayer for the merciful remembrance of her love. She said not one word about the will she had made securing all her property to him; she was silent on that subject, as she thought it of little importance compared to the theme upon which she wrote, her own morbid, maddest affections.

This letter so agitated the colonel that he suffered a relapse of several days' duration.

As the spring advanced, however, he improved in health, strength and spirits. The season was early that year, so that by the middle of March every vestige of ice and snow had disappeared, and by the first of April the fields were green with grass and the trees blossoming for fruit.

And then Marcel de Crespiigny was able to go out on the front porch and enjoy the resurrection of nature with a new sense of life.

Meanwhile the business on the fishing landing opening briskly, and among other workmen David Lindsay found plenty to do, patching boats and mending nets and clearing beaches.

Again little Gloria went daily down to the old sea wall and sat and read to her playmate while he mended old seines or netted new ones. She read to him the school histories of Rome, Greece, and England, while the hungry mind of the boy swallowed and assimilated them all.

Under the shadow of the old sea wall the life of the children was an idyl in Arcadia until one unhappy day, when their innocent affection fell under the notice of Miss Agrippina de Crespiigny, and shocked that lady's sense of propriety in the most outrageous manner.

She was giving the poor old manor-house a fit of the severest hydrophobic convulsions, which she called a spring cleaning, turning every trunk, box, wardrobe, closet, and store-room inside out, and raising dust that had lain undisturbed for ages, when, thinking that she needed more help, she determined to walk down to the landing, where, she was told, the fisher-boy was at work, and to send him to fetch his grandmother to her assistance.

When she reached the old sea wall and stood in the breach, this is what she saw before her:

A little fire kindled on the sands, and some fresh fish laid on the coals to broil; a little napkin spread on a flat stone, with two little, blue-edged plates, and green-handled knives and forks, a bunch of radishes, a bunch of onions, and two rolls of wheat bread; and, lastly, the two children sitting, side by side, in the old boat, reading from the same book.

Miss Agrippina raised up both her hands in speechless amazement. Then controlling herself, she forbore all reproaches to the little, unconscious officer, and only saying:



"Gloria, my love, your uncle wants you. Go right home," came calmly down to the scene.

Quite innocent of any impropriety, the little girl rose obediently, and saying:

"I am sorry, David Lindsay, that I cannot stay and take dinner with you to-day; but your uncle, you know! I must go to him directly. You must take the book along with you, and read it at home to-night."

She ran lightly along, tripped over the broken wall, and went home.

Miss Agrippina turned to despatch the boy on his errand after his grandmother.

David promptly left his culinary preparations, unmoored his boat, and rowed rapidly for the island. And so the children's little, innocent, *al fresco* feast was spoiled, but that was nothing to what happened afterwards.

(To be Continued.)

### FRUGAL FIRESIDES.

There is a certain class of people who fail to realize that, next to warm clothing, a good fire is the cheapest luxury in which they can indulge in cold weather. By "class" we refer to those possessing a certain formation of mind, and not to any social grade in particular. We can well understand that a person of penurious habits generally, who would spend ten minutes in scraping a cheese rind—or who would come under Thackeray's description of snobs that combine ostentation with stinginess—would grudge themselves and their friends fires and light as much as any other luxury. But we confess to ourselves a difficulty in realizing the abnormal process of reasoning under which some thousands of well-to-do people, who cannot well be accused of illiberality or want of hospitality in the ordinary details of housekeeping, persistently make their friends and themselves uncomfortable by their perhaps unintentional parsimony in the matter of calorific.

The cost of an ordinary sitting-room fire, in London or the country, may be taken at fourpence to fivepence per diem. The saving effected by keeping that fire low all day, instead of at a cheerful blaze, will be perhaps some twopence-halfpenny. Yet there are few of us who have not once or oftener had to endure the discomfort of a chill at dinner or in a sitting-room, when we would ourselves gladly have paid thrice over the cost of a fire had we been our own masters in an hotel, instead of guests of a friend. The price of a cigar or sherry and bitters, which we should offer to any friend who called at our club, would make the room comfortable for the day.

One great idea which seems to lay hold of the mind of the mistress of the house is, that a fire should not be lighted unless there is time to make full use of it. For instance, if a fire is to be of any effect during the dinner-hour, it should be lighted at least one hour before the time of sitting down, and should be kept going till the moment of rejoining the ladies. This implies that the blaze must waste its sweetness for some time before, and some time after, the room is occupied.

There is a deep-rooted British prejudice against waste, and this is, we believe, the first cause of parsimony in this respect; it never seems to enter the head of the mistress that, if the comfort of the fire while it is enjoyed is commensurate with the cost, it has fully paid its way, even though it may burn to a vacant room for half its time. In the drawing-room and library the necessity of a fire will be fully recognised for that evening; but in the dining-room the ladies will long for their cloaks, and gentlemen calculate upon lumbago, simply because it has been considered to be "not worth while" to light the fire for an hour and a half's occupation.

Unless there is special formality in the dinner party, we confess to a weakness for sitting round the fire after the retirement of the ladies, and are always thankful when a host sets this example to his guests. To our own mind the most elaborate dinner, when a cold shiver runs up one's back and feet are chilly, conveys a far less sensation of animal comfort than a plain joint by a warm fireside. No titillation of the palate can compensate for discomfort to the external man.

Again, how many estimable acquaintances can we not recall who have not the moral courage to be guided by their own tastes in the case of fires, but allow themselves and their creature comforts to be fettered by a hard and fast rule as to date for ignition and extinction. With the first of October their fires come in; with the first of May they get out. They never consult a thermometer, and if they feel cold in themselves, in the later days of summer, seem to believe that the fault is their own, and not

that of the weather, and that they should be the sufferers for their inconsistency of temperment.

Seldom does an August pass without a week of rain and east wind, during which the very people who deny themselves the luxury of a fire in their own homes will be the first to rub their hands instinctively over one, if they should have the fortune to come across one elsewhere. They allow that the weather is too cold for open windows; they shut these down tightly, and perhaps have recourse to shawls indoors; the room gets stuffy for want of ventilation; yet the rigidity of self-imposed penance forbids a simplification of the problem by striking a match before the regulation day.

On a day like that of Hermit's Derby, or the "sealskin" Assent week of a few years ago, they will shiver and stop ventilation for the sake of calorific; but a fire would be "out of season," and is not to be thought of. As a matter of health there should always be a change of air passing through a room. Windows should never be closed until after fires have come in, and if the former can be open and the latter burning simultaneously, all the better for sanitary purposes. When the thermometer is at freezing-point, a roaring fire will draw sufficient draught of its own through chinks of doors and windows to keep the air of a room fresh, though windows may be shut; but if it is warm enough for no fire, or for only a smouldering heap of small coal, it should be warm enough for open windows also. If the draught of a window open at the top is too much for comfort, the extra pence entailed by keeping up the fire are well laid out, both as a luxury and as a question of health. The good people who stint themselves and make their friends shiver, would be the last to grudge any other comfort, in the majority of instances. They are ready to offer half a dozen cups of five o'clock tea, or a glass of sherry—the cost of which would be more than a handful of coals; they will ask a friend to stop and dine, at an expense of some shillings, including wine; and yet will save fourpence, which would make the whole room comfortable for the evening.

The self-inflicted privation of a miser are intelligible; but where the question of the comfort of guests is concerned, the mere fact of these being present implies a willingness to exercise hospitality, and seems to negative the idea of deliberate intention to be niggardly. Or, if the family are living alone, still, where there is no practice of chess-playing at the table, and where the expense of an extra dish is not weighed with hesitation from day to day, it is difficult to conceive why, after the evening meal has been served with due comfort to all, the various members shall often huddle themselves round one scanty drawing-room fire, because it is not worth while to make up the library or back-drawing-room fire after nine p.m.

The cost of one dish of vegetables at dinner would cover the price of a couple of hours' fuel, and make the whole family comfortable. The regulations as to fires usually proceed from the lady of the house; but the master, where there is one, is often the cause of the stint of firing. He grumbles at the length of these bills which come under his notice.

The butcher's and grocer's bills are probably settled in weekly or monthly books by the lady of the house, and do not come in details before him; but the coal-bill comes in to his own hands; it is his privilege to grumble at its length, and the duty of the lady to do what she can to remove his ground of complaint by issuing rigid orders of economy in this direction. But, even where there is no master, or where no grumble is raised by one, the doctrine of saving in fires too often holds its ground, based upon the general instinct of "prevention of waste." A mutton chop or a couple of glasses of sherry cost more than a day's firing; but then they are consumed, and there is no waste—no feeling of not having had one's money's worth for the outlay. If fourpennyworth of coals are burnt, and only twopennyworth of the amount actually enjoyed, there is a sort of instinctive feeling that money's worth has not been obtained. It is, we believe, this feeling which blinds not illiberal people to the fact that a fire, even if only looked at for one hour out of four that it burns, is the cheapest luxury that can be enjoyed in chilly weather by all whose lot is not absolute penury.

### BUSINESS PRECEPTS.

We find it stated that the founder of the great banking house of Rothschilds made the following rules the guide of a business career culminating in magnificent success:

1. Combination of three profits. "I made the manufacturer my customer, and the one I bought of, my customer; that is, I supplied the manufacturer

with raw materials and dyes, on each of which I made a profit, and took his manufactured goods, which I sold at a profit, and thus combined three profits."

2. Make a bargain at once. Be an off-handed man.

3. Never have anything to do with an unlucky man or place. "I have seen many clever men who have not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice seems very well, but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves, how can they do good to me?"

4. Be cautious and bold. "It requires a great deal of boldness and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune, and when you have got it it requires ten times as much to keep it."

### PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

#### THE DRAMA.

#### OPERA COMIQUE.

AGAIN a revival; this time of Octave Feuillet's *petite comédie*, "Le Village," adapted by Mr. Shingley Laurence, and first played at the Lyceum in 1855, under the title of "A Cozy Couple." We may here note that the pathetic side of this drama has been worked by Mr. Saville Rowe, in his comedy of "The Vicarage," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, while Mr. Laurence has seized the same theme for the material of a smirch-moving farce. Mr. Charles Mathews, on this occasion, resumed his original part of Tom Russett, the hilarious travelled friend, who stirs the placidity of the calm waters in which Mr. and Mrs. Dormouse (originally played by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Matthews) have passed, and are passing their married life until the arrival of their vivacious friend, the former college chum of Dormouse, and first lover of his wife. Mr. Young and Mrs. Leigh, at the Opera Comique, pleasantly present the married couple, and Mr. Charles Mathews is seen at his best in the lively but really sound-headed Tom Russett. Those who are old enough to remember the original version will find pleasure in comparing the farce of the Lyceum with the more serious adaptation of the other theatre, and be still more pleased at renewing the agreeable impressions made by the most accomplished actor in genre parts of this description. The piece is capably mounted and well played, and with Mr. Charles Mathews' adaptation of Foote's farce of "The Liar," fills up an evening of thorough enjoyment.

#### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THOUGH it is not our general practice to notice the performances of Italian Opera, it would be an unpardonable omission to pass without notice so important an event as the re-opening, after ten years' interval, of the "Old House in the Haymarket," albeit "the Old House" made its exit in the flames of a fiery furnace in the year 1867, and the present theatre has remained with "silent walls unvoiced" for so long a period, during which its former lessee, Mr. Mapleson, has been "camping out" at Drury Lane and elsewhere, in the "hope deferred" of raising a home worthy of opera on a site on the Thames Embankment. But "the whirligig of Time has brought its revenge," and Mr. Mapleson, whose services to musical art and artists deserve recognition, has by the withdrawal of a self-willed and impracticable proprietor once more become the impresario of Her Majesty's Theatre. It was a pleasant sight on Saturday the 28th, to see the greetings and hand-shakings, and to read on the countenances of the older habitués the gratification they felt at meeting once again "after many roving years" in the historic walls—for these were saved by the conflagration—of Her Majesty's Theatre, under the ancient regime of Mr. Mapleson, who, though yet young in years and vigour, is a veteran in operatic management. No sooner had the buzz of approval at the splendid and tasteful interior of the house subsided, and the crimson stalls and box-seats, relieved by the time-honoured amber-stained curtains and bright blue upholstery of the chairs, been admired, than the feeling of being "at home" in the old home of opera was strengthened by the appearance of Sir Michael Costa in the orchestra. Though this was merely a migration of the orchestral maestro with his band of executants, it was made the occasion of an ovation far more warm and general than is the manner of opera audiences, and the conductor's arrangement of the

National Anthem, with the presence of a triple rank of well known artists on the stage, went with a common consent and fervour of a popular festival. The opera was "Norma," and never has Mdlla. Tietjens, the most majestic and impassioned of living "Normas," sung and acted more grandly and impressively. The surrounding circumstances seemed to inspire the injured and passionate Druidess, and the scene where she discovers and denounces the perfidy of the contemptible Pollione, was never surpassed. The pathos, too, of the following act, when her maternal love disarms her dreadful resolve to sacrifice her children to avenge herself on their father, stirred the spectators more deeply than we ever remember such an ordinarily critical and impassable audience as Her Majesty's Theatre was wont to assemble within its walls. Mdlla. Alwina Valeria was an interesting, modest, and sweet-voiced Adalgisa, and Signor Fancelli (another well-accustomed Pollione on this stage) sang with his old fire and fluency. Signor Biordini was majestic and heavy, as became the arch-dread, Oroveso. Mdlla. Filomena sang and acted Cleitide satisfactorily, and Signor Bonaldini went through the small part of Fluvio like an artist. At the close of the opera the leading artists were called, and Sir Michael Costa was again compelled to acknowledge the general congratulations of the house. But this did not end the demands, for Mr. Mapleson's appearance was insisted on, and the impresario bowed his thanks amid a round of applause. And thus the "Old House in the Haymarket" broke its long silence—we hope for a continuance until the new and more spacious National Opera shall open its doors to the lovers of the highest form of the lyric drama.

It is with sincere gratification, as friends to the healthful, as well as intellectual, recreations of the people, that we announce the re-opening of the Alexandra Palace. Musical entertainments in the Great Hall, performances of high class vocal and instrumental compositions in the concert room, and of dramatic and operatic pieces in the theatre, are arranged for. Two days' racing, with added money to the amount of 1,000 guineas, form a part of the programme of the sports sub jove. The races are fixed for Friday and Saturday, 11th and 12th of May. The new lessees, Messrs. Bertram and Roberts, have opened the season with every promise of a liberal and spirited management. The English Opera performances have been entrusted to Mr. George Perren, whose experience and artistic qualifications are well known, and popularly appreciated.

ON Thursday, a day performance was given at the Folly Theatre, when Mr. Henderson announced that the whole of the proceeds, without deduction, would be presented to the sufferers and the rescuers in the late dreadful colliery accident in Wales.

SHAKESPEARE'S birthday, Monday, April 23rd, was celebrated in London and at Stratford-on-Avon with interesting commemorations. In London a dinner of the Urban Club took place at the Old Hall, at St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, renowned as the place where Garrick made his first appearance as an actor in 1787, and for its memories of Dr. Johnson, and Cave his publisher, who here originated "the Gentleman's Magazine," from the pseudonym of the editor of which, Sylvanus Urban, the name of the Urban Club is derived. Dr. Westland Marston filled the chair, and Dr. John Doran the vice chair, and the old Hall was crowded with literary and artistic celebrities.

At Stratford-on-Avon the Shakespeare Memorial Association selected the 313th anniversary of the Poet's birth for laying the foundation-stone of a Theatre, Library, and Picture Gallery, to which the ground for the buildings and a money-gift of £1,000 were presented by Mr. Flower, an opulent townsman. The stone was laid by Lord Leigh, Lord Lieutenant of the county, with full masonic honours, attended by Colonel Morten, Provincial Grand Master, the Earl of Yarmouth, the Mayor and Corporation, the Council of the Memorial Association, and a large number of visitors, dramatists, actors, and artists, from the metropolis. Mr. William Creswick delivered an eloquent address, in which he pointed out that the Memorial Theatre might supply a felt want, as a training-school for Shakespearian actors, and pleaded earnestly for national support to such a school of art. Mr. Tom. Taylor proposed, "Success to the Shakespeare Memorial." Mr. Theodore Martin, who, with Mrs. Theodore Martin (Miss Helen Faucit), was among the guests, gave, "The Drama," Sir Eardley Wilmot "The Immortal Memory of Shakespeare," and it was announced that a fund of nearly £4,000 was already subscribed.

THE Adelphi Theatre Company on Tuesday played "Peep-o-Day," Mr. Chatterton giving the proceeds to the Welsh Miners' Fund.

#### A VALUABLE PICTURE.

IN the Consistorial Court of London, before Dr. Tristram, Chancellor of the diocese of London, Sir James M. Hogg and Mr. Payne, the churchwardens of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, applied for a faculty to sell a valuable painting, by W. Hilton, of "Our Lord Crowned with Thorns," presented by the British Institution, and which was formerly placed over the communion table of the church, but now removed. Sir Francis Grant, of the Royal Academy, had offered £1,000 for the picture, which the parish was willing to accept, and to devote the interest of the same to ornament the church. Dr. Tristram granted the faculty.

#### COMMON SENSE.

Oh! if you do not love me well,  
I never will love you;  
Far from my heart I'll bid love flee,  
For love was made for two.  
His chain was made for two, my dear,  
And what good may one gain,  
If 't'other end drags on the ground,  
Like any felon's chain, my dear,  
Like any felon's chain?

Ed not mind sailing down Life's  
stream,  
All fair, along with you;  
But Love's bark always twines its oars,  
And the rowers must be two.  
And rapids gleam along Love's stream,  
Where, with a single oar,  
The dreamer of a broken dream  
May never gain the shore, my dear,  
May never gain the shore!

Youth's garden-ground is full of  
flowers,  
And who would pluck the rue,  
Amidst the sunshine of the hours  
For which the roses grew?  
Life is too sweet to waste on you,  
However sweet you be;  
The only one for whom I'll die  
Is the one who'd die for me, my  
dear,  
The one who'd die for me.

M. K. D.

#### HEADACHES.

THAT cold manner, displeased voice, wooden face, against which you vainly employ all your armoury of subtle coaxing and impenetrable good humour—which meets your smiles with a frown, your suggested caresses with disdain, and repels your most delicate, most affectionate endeavours with annoyance—what is it when you force an explanation, and wish to know what it all means?

Jealousy, that you spoke for one minute and a quarter too long to pretty Mrs. Dash, or that "silver-tongued" Mr. Stars?—ill-humour because you came away from the hall at two o'clock in the morning, and did not wait till three with the choice spirits, by then grown a little less than choice, disappointment at the favourite partner passing her by, and devoting all his time and attention to that odious Miss Auburne?—not a bit of it; only—Headache.

Headache that purses up the mouth into a monosyllabic button-hole, or reduces it to a hard thin line that looks as if never a kiss nor a smile would be grown there again—headache that makes the eyes lack lustreless, and as if they turn your way with difficulty when forced to look at you—that takes all the silver out of the voice, all the gracious curves and flowing line out of the figure—headache that rejects your best-meant offers with a snap if she is tart, with a leaden air of heavy wrath if she is sullen, with a maddening look of uncomplaining ill-usage if she is a good actress, and knows how to make you miserable without putting herself in the wrong; headache that finds the softest cushion hard, the sweetest syrup sour, the loveliest picture tame, with nothing to admire in the noblest bit of architecture that man ever reared—headache, only headache, as she says when she comes out of her fit of sulk, and wishes to apologise by explanation.

And you, if you are wise, and she beyond the days of control, or the chance of being influenced by exhortation, look compassionate and sympathetic, and say, "Poor dear! I hope you are better now," quite

naturally, as if you really believed in the invisibility conferred by that special sprinkling of fern-seed and the lowering of harlequin's sable vizor.

These little hypocrisies are the tax which wisdom and good breeding pay to peace; the "settled" written across the face of the bills that are run up so recklessly by uncomfortable tempers, all lumped into one item—headache.

No one who passes through the crowds gathered to racecourses, flower shows, and the like, observing as he walks, and studying that most important of all works, the living book of humanity, can fail to be struck with the comparatively large number of cross and discontented faces. Ask them what is amiss, and the chances are that one and all will answer—headache. Some will supplement the cause—the heat, the dust, the drive, the walk; but generally headaches of this kind are self-generated, and have no cause, contenting themselves with announcing their being, and leaving the rest to the imagination.

If headache is the mask behind which ill-temper seeks to hide itself, so is it a convenient shelter for indolence and self-indulgence. The headaches which afflict certain soft little souls when they are deprived of their anti-ablutionary cup of tea, of their four o'clock cup of tea, of their post-prandial cup of tea; when they are required to get up before half-past ten in the morning; to walk half a mile in the wind; to face the frost or the snow or the sun; to accept a formal invitation where there is sure to be no fun; to make a formal invitation where there is sure to be some stiffness—what splitting headaches incapacitate them from performing any of these duties! How suddenly they come, how mysteriously they arise, and, oh, how suddenly and mysteriously they go!

Headaches, too, are admirable devices for a horrible habit, which to some is the height of enjoyment—"stuffy people," as poor Charles Kingsley used to say—we mean the habit of breakfasting in bed. There is nothing much nastier than this habit, and none that is more liked when it is liked at all. Fathers and mothers of families, whose duty it is to set an example on the one side, and to "see after things" on the other, let their household affairs, their business, their children, their duties, all fall into a muddled coil together, while they indulge themselves by that "morning snooze," which is masked by a headache and necessitates breakfasting in bed.

Daughters—not often sons, but even sons sometimes whose habits are being formed, and whose health is being made or marred, by those very habits sink deeper and deeper into the slough of slothful self-indulgence represented by this custom—headaches preventing their getting up before ten or eleven o'clock; by which it comes about that, as the family breakfast is at half-past eight, they have their tea and toast taken up to them, after which they lie and meditate on their dress, their day's amusement, their lovers, their rivals, or again turn for solace to the surreptitious novel, which can be so conveniently slipped beneath the pillow should an obtrusive authority enter to inquire after that poor, tormented brain, and to suggest a pleasant dose of sal volatile or red lavender as the remedy.

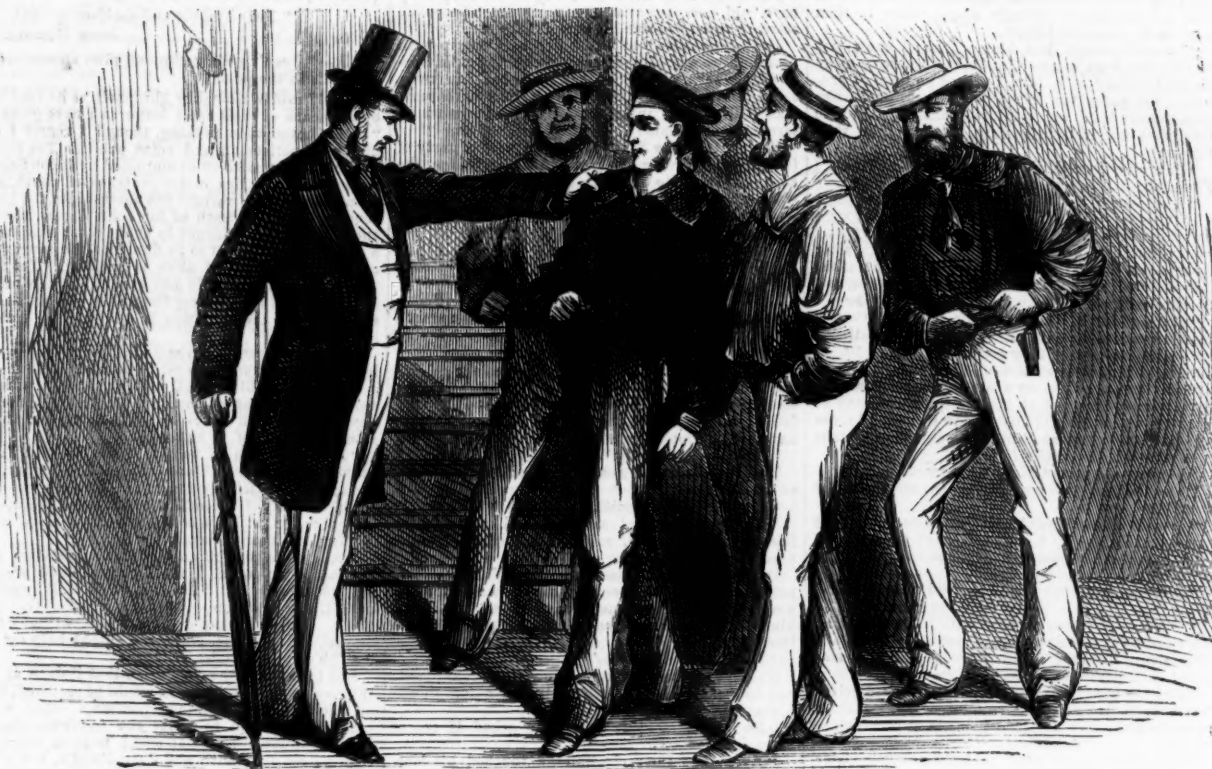
It will be well for her if the convenient headache often assumed now for a purpose, does not become a reality instead of a sham; and, if the pleasure of breakfasting in bed as a sound but lazy Hebe, does not convert her into the invalid who will be forced to lie when she would fain rise, and whose indolence now is too surely the parent of her helplessness hereafter.

Even children catch that trick of headaches, and loving mothers believe them. On school-days, when the lessons are especially obnoxious, bright eyes, cool hands, and rosy cheeks, come to mamma with hanging head and piteous voice, and plead headache as the excuse which she is to write to Dr. Swisher.

Headaches announce many a matrimonial squabble and end as many as they herald; headaches are the flag hung out by distressed egotists for sympathy beyond that which their circumstances demand. The femme incomprise has a headache that never, by any chance, passes away; and a woman of this kind has been known to paint her rosy cheeks a chalky white, and to draw dark circles round her eyes in her attempt to attract pity from the crowd—pity that she is a loved wife, the mother of fine children, rich, and highly placed.

Yet all this goes for nothing in her estimate of values, and she cherishes in consequence a headache, which, as a piece of make-up and acting, would gain her the highest position to be had on the stage. On the merits of real headaches we do not enter. Those sincerely suffering are to be pitied beyond all that man can show; but the pretenders are only worthy of contempt, prevention being in vain and a cure impossible for a sham that eats away as much self-respect as truth.





["MY NAME'S JOE SMITH."]

## THE GOLDEN BOWL.

By the Author of "Dan's Treasure," "Clytie Cranbourne," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XXXI.

"WHERE ARE MY CHILDREN?"

"No, then art not Lady Carew," said Miriam Slocombe, walking into the presence of her two sisters, and addressing the blind one.

"Thy husband repudiated thee, said thou hadst deceived him and wert no wife of his," she continued, sternly, "and called thee, my sister! such a name as my lips would shrink from uttering. I could not prove thy marriage with him if I would, and I would not have done it if I could, for I despised him and his paltry pride, and I let him go away and take the child with him, telling thee when thou couldst ask for them and thy eyes had closed, as the doctors said, for ever on the beauty of this world, that they were dead. It was a lie, and has lain heavy on my conscience ever since, but I did it for thy happiness and comfort, and to save us all from open shame and disgrace."

"And they are not dead?" starting up to a sitting posture on the couch; "and thou hast dared to keep them from me all these years." She always relapsed into the Quaker phraseology when she was excited.

"Dared!" repeated Miriam, with daring contempt. "Aye, and I have dared to wreck my happiness through life, and that girl's," pointing to Sadie, "to hide thy sin and shame, and the disgrace thou hast brought upon our name, and then thou talkest to me of daring," and she laughed bitterly while her slight form seemed to be dilated, almost majestic, with indignant passion.

Receiving no answer to her torrent of words, she went on:

"For the shame thou hadst brought upon us, and yet because I loved thee, I condemned myself to be husbandless and childless, and stained my soul with another lie, for I told the man who ten years ago would have married Sadie, that she loved another."

"Thou didst?" exclaimed the younger sister, starting to her feet and catching her by the arm, her face all aflame with agitation; "and it was?"

"Charles Selwyn" was the reply, but in a strangely humbled tone; "that was my greatest crime, the one that will stand black before me in the last day; canst thou forgive me, Sadie? Cara I never wronged but thee I robbed of what some women might have cared but little for, but to thee would have been dearer than the breath of life."

And the proud old woman sank on her knees before her youngest sister.

"Nay, sister, humble not thyself to me, for I forgive thee freely," said Sadie, lifting her to her feet and embracing her; "perhaps it was well that all happened as it did, but I am glad to know he loved me. He has a wife and children now, and I forgave her seeming fickleness long ago," and she kissed her elder sister tenderly; it seemed so strange for her to have anything to forgive to one who had always commanded her respect and obedience.

For the moment they had forgotten the blind woman, but she recalled them to a consciousness of her existence abruptly.

"Shame! disgrace!" she repeated dubiously, as though trying to grasp the meaning of the words: "who dares utter such things to me? I have been unhappy and unfortunate, but I know neither shame or disgrace, and my husband and child, where are they? Tell me, or I will go out into the world and seek them myself."

"Calm thyself, Cara," said Miriam, sternly.

"Twenty years have gone by since thy husband, as thou callest him, left thee, and the money he placed in a bank for thee hath remained there still untouched. I had not let him take the child with him, but I knew not what to do with it, and thou wast blind—and thy mind was wandering."

"Why don't thou say I was mad?"

"I might say so with truth; and when thou growest calmer, and knowest how time had passed, 'twas kinder to make thee think they were dead, than that they had deserted thee."

"Perhaps, but who knows: tell me all. I am not mad now, and time has taken off the keen edge of suffering; where are my children?"

"I know not."

"Ah! What said my husband when he left me?"

"You forget it all?"

"I scarcely know; have I been married twice?"

"Yes, but your first husband had a wife living, and you were but seventeen when you ran away and married him, knowing nothing about her."

"Ah! something of the kind comes back to my mind, but tell me; it is all so far away, and so dim."

"Sit down, Sadie, also. Thou wert away two years, and in that time our father and mother died, and Sadie and I were left alone, she a child in my care. I was eight and twenty, and she but eight years old. When one day thou camest into the house, a babe on thy breast, and a little toddling child by thy side. 'They are fatherless, and I am husbandless,' was thy cry, and remembering thou wert my sister, had not willingly sinned, but believed thyself a lawful wife. I had compassion upon thee, and received thee back as a sister, stipulating only for thy good name and ours, that the children should be sent away and brought up among strangers."

"Aye, and I consented; unnatural mother that I was!" groaned the blind woman.

"The secret was kept," continued her sister, "but I could not go to a man's home as his wife, bearing such a burden on my mind. I could not tell it and let him despise both thee and me, so I told John Bartlett I could not marry him, that I never would marry, and I kept my word."

"But time went on; we were the three Misses Slocombe, though Sadie was still but young, when Sir John Carew, a man old enough to be our father, came to lodge with us, our house being large as now, and our income small."

"Once again, without consulting friend or relative, thou wentest away and got married, at least, thou and he said so, in the letter which thou wrote me, and again I lost thee for more than two years. At the end of that time thou and he came back again, professed much love, and brought a child with thee, which was thy third, and when I asked if he knew of the other two, thou saidst no, and thou didst not dare to tell him."

"Aye; if I had but dared at the proper time," moaned the blind woman; "but then it was too late."

"Yes, it was too late, and he found it out, and his rage was not the rage of a man but of a wild animal. I remember him as though it happened yesterday; his rage and indignation seemed to drive thee mad and wild, and the elements without were as terrible as the man's wrath within. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled as though it would tear the cliffs asunder, and cast them into the sea, and scarce knowing what thou didst, thou rushed from the house towards the shore. Only a few steps didst thou go, however, before thou wert struck down by lightning, and when thou wert carried into this room, we thought it was to die."

"Thy sight was quite gone, and Sir John Carew,

though softened and calmed from his first anger, said thou wert no wife of his, that thou hadst deceived him, and he would publicly shame thee if thou tried to lay claim to him."

"I myself could but blame thee; I knew not where thou wert married, and when he went away taking his child with him, I offered no word of protest. For years thy memory left thee, and when thou couldst think and speak reasonably, I told thee they were all dead, as in very truth to thee they were so."

"But my eldest children, what became of them? Their fate troubles me most."

"I know not; as I told thee, I have only seen them a few times since the day, thirty years ago, they were sent from this house. Till a few years ago, I sent money for their maintenance regularly, but after that, the people failed to write for the remittance; they were old enough to take care of themselves, and we were not rich, so I have heard nothing of them."

"Poor children," sighed their mother; "theirs has been a hard lot, and all through their father's sin; what name were they known by, Miriam?"

"Their own, Godfrey and Martha Slocombe."

"Ah! then that was my son who was murdered." "I fear so. I heard of him at times as a man of learning, but of the girl I only know she caused those who adopted her great pain, and went the way that good women do not go."

"Perhaps her temptations were great." "The Lord only knows! Now, what more wouldst thou?"

"Justice! I am Sir John Carew's wife. We were married at Morpeth, but the name of the church I forget, and he has wronged me in leaving me these years a burden upon you."

"Nay, he provided for thee, Cara, but I would touch it not, and the money is in the bank still."

"Then it is money to fight with. I thought all my children were dead, but I am a mother again. They live. Find me a man of law, as honest as may be. I shall never rest again till I am justified."

"But the world may know it," objected Miriam, "and for Sadie's sake, who may yet marry, we should pause to think how our good name may be breathed upon."

"Nay, think not of me," said the younger sister, sweetly; "a man's love should bear such a test, or it is worthless; shall I ask our new friend, Mr. Shrapnell? He is a man of learning, and of the world of which we know so little; he will advise us, and we may trust him."

"Aye, and I liked his voice," said the blind lady; besides he hath a child of his own, and can have sympathy with a parent."

"No! no!" said Miriam, impetuously, "bring not a stranger into our prison house." Then she gasped and paused before she added: "But I advise nothing; you blame me for the past, take your own way in the future."

"Nay, thou didst all for the best, and I thank thee sincerely, Miriam, but I will speak to this man of the world myself, Sadie, and alone. Go to him, sister, present Lady Carew's compliments, and ask if he will favour me with his company and attention for an hour, as I would ask his advice."

"Must I take the message in those words?" asked Sadie, somewhat aghast.

"Aye, but add I will talk with him when he has dined, for his journey was a long one, and take thou his child away in another room and amuse her while I speak to him."

Sadie looked at her eldest sister to find assent or negative to this request in her face, but Miriam Slocombe's face was a blank. In the past her will and opinion was law, now she abdicated least the power should be wrested from her, and Sadie, feeling there was no appeal, left the room to obey.

It was not an easy task, however, and when she tapped at Willoughby Shrapnell's sitting-room door, her heart, metaphorically speaking, was "in her shoes."

She was greeted so cordially, however, by both the lawyer and his little daughter, that after a few seconds she took courage to deliver her message, which she did with but slight variation.

"Lady Carew!" repeated Mr. Shrapnell, for a moment taken off his guard. "I thought"—then he recollected. "I shall have great pleasure in advising her ladyship to the best of my ability."

An answer which, without comment, Sadie took back to her sister, and an hour afterwards Willoughby Shrapnell was conducted to the presence of the blind lady, there to hear what poor Carrie Carew, had she been still alive, would have given her most treasured earthly possessions to have listened to.

What passed between the Quakeress, who styled herself "Lady Carew," and the sharp lawyer matters not for the present, but so important did he consider the matter that he started for London

early on Monday morning, and to Sadie's grief took his daughter Amy with him, why he could scarcely have said, except that among such strange people he scarcely cared to leave his only child alone.

But he promised to bring her back again with him, and by way of compensation to the child herself, took her, when they had been back in town some days, to the theatre, where, as we have seen, poor Milly Bray interrupted the performance to scream out the name of Godfrey Slocombe.

Fortunately the Shrapnells were with a party of friends, and leaving his child in their charge, the keen lawyer made his way out to the gallery entrance, there to pounce upon the man whom he, as well as Milly Bray, thought so like the missing secretary.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

"THE OSPREY'S BOUND FOR RIO, AND JOE SMITH'S ON BOARD."

Just as Willoughby Shrapnell reached the gallery entrance to the theatre, he saw some sailors emerging from it, and as the light above the door fell upon one of them, he stepped forward, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said:

"Godfrey Slocombe!" The man looked at him with a dull, vacant stare, as he said:

"My name's Joe Smith." "Nonsense, man. I am a friend, a particular friend of the Carews, and," he added, in a lower tone, "I come from your mother."

But the man's features remained dull and stolid, not a glance of the eye or quiver of a muscle gave a sign of the names mentioned being familiar to him, and he only repeated, with parrot-like repetition:

"My name's Joe Smith." The lawyer was puzzled, though not convinced, and he looked to the man's companions for an explanation.

"Do you know this man?" he asked of one of them.

"Aye," was the reply, and he touched his forehead significantly; he's been on board the Osprey with me for the last three months. We picked him up at Rio, where he had had a fever that affected his head, and his memory went with it. He weren't much of a hand at a rope or a spar then, but he's a good 'un now, ain't you, Joe?"

"Yes, answered the man, almost like an automaton and without the least animation, "my name is Joe Smith, what do you want with me?"

"I cannot be mistaken," looking earnestly into the thin, handsome, intellectual face over which such a dull cloud of apathy had fallen, "and more than one life depends upon my being right or wrong. If you will bring him to my office to-morrow morning," he continued, addressing the man to whom he had already spoken, "I will give you a sovereign each; will you come?"

"Aye, sir, and glad to earn money so easy, but we get aloft again to-morrow night and you mustn't keep us long when we come."

I won't; there is my card; don't lose it, and be sure you don't fail to come; if you don't find the way easily take a cab and my clerk will pay for it."

And with great reluctance at being obliged to lose sight of him in the interval, Willoughby Shrapnell gave the man his card, then slowly made his way back to the place where he had left his daughter and friends.

He had been absent but a few minutes, but during that time Hilda Kempson and her party had gone, and their box was empty.

"As I unravel one thread the whole gets tangled again," he muttered impatiently. "If that is not Godfrey Slocombe, I shall begin to doubt my own identity soon."

The next morning the lawyer, putting aside several important engagements, sat awaiting the arrival of the two sailors, one of whom he believed to be Godfrey Slocombe, but neither of them came, and he was beginning to blame himself for not taking some more certain method of laying his hands on them, when a singular looking epistle was put into his hands.

"Unstamped! Twopence to pay," said his clerk, placing it before him.

"Pay it," was the laconic response; then he cut it open.

"HONOURED SIR," it began, "this is to tell you that we're ordered to lift anchor in an hour's time, and will be at sea when you're expecting us. The Osprey's bound for Rio and Joe Smith's on board; when we land I'll make enquiries about him and his illness that made him forget everything, and when

we come back I'll bring him to see you, and claim the two sovereigns you promised for so doing.

"Your humble and obedient servant,  
JOHN HURDLE."

P.S.—"I can't get a stamp, and pilot's promised to drop this in the post."

"Ah!" said Willoughby Shrapnell, as he read this by no means so well spelt letter as I have given it, "this is better than nothing, though I regret I did not call a policeman, and point out this Joe Smith as the man supposed to be murdered by Jacob Searle, who for it now lies under sentence of death, and then there is that warrant out against him, for being concerned in the death of Sir John Carew, though there isn't much evidence to support it; the last is a trifle, but for a man to be hung for the murder of a person who is still alive is dreadful. Yet if I were on my oath, I could not swear that the man I saw last night was Godfrey Slocombe, and yet he was as like him as the reflection in that looking-glass is like myself."

And the lawyer got up and paced the room, hoping by this slight exercise to calm and clear his mind.

As he did so, his eye fell upon a newspaper, and he took it up, looking at the legal portion, when suddenly a paragraph struck him, and he uttered an exclamation of relief, as he read:

"An application on behalf of the convict Jacob Searle, lying under sentence of death at Exeter, for the murder of Godfrey Slocombe, on the ground of the informality of the indictment, is being made, and the execution, which was to have taken place early in May, has been deferred."

"Ah! if he gets off on any plea it matters not, but failing to do so, I must go and state what I believe, even though I have no proof of it; except, indeed, the same impression made upon that girl Milly. I wish I could see her alone, without that dragon, Hilda, by her side; she might help me; is it to be done, I wonder?"

But he came to the conclusion that if done at all, the greatest possible caution would be required, then he tried to fix his mind upon some other work, having determined to write the following day to Rio de Janeiro, desiring an agent to go on board the Osprey, see Joe Smith and John Hurdle, and make all possible inquiries about the life and antecedents of the former. The mail would carry the letter much more quickly than the trading ship in which the two men had sailed.

His usual hour for leaving the office had come, and with a feeling of suffocation in the dusty atmosphere of the city, Willoughby Shrapnell walked towards Cannon Street, there intending to take the steam-boat to Battersea Park, for it still wanted two hours to his dinner time, and he felt compelled to seek some place where he could walk about without the chance of being disturbed, and think.

Solitude however, is not an easy thing to secure, for as he crossed Cannon Street he knocked against a man, and pausing to apologise recognised Frederick Monkton, of Luton Park, near Clonville, to whose family he stood in the relation of legal adviser.

"How do you do?" said the young man, warmly shaking him by the hand. "I was just thinking of giving you a call."

"Were you? I have left the office for to-day, but if it is important I'll go back again."

"No, it was rather as a friend whose advice might help me; suppose you come and dine with me at my club."

"Thanks, but I have ordered dinner at home; suppose you dine with me at seven, we can talk more freely in my house than at a club; it is five now. I was just going to Battersea Park to get some of the cobwebs blown out of my brain; by the way, was it you I saw at the back of the box with Mrs. Kempson last night at the Olympic? I was not quite sure."

"Yes, it was about that matter I wished to consult you."

"Suppose you come along with me; there will only be children and nursemaids at Battersea, and we can take a hansom back to Russell Square in time for dinner. I always think more clearly in the open air."

"So do I."

And the two walked down the stairs and stepped on board a steamboat just about to start.

The tide was high, the water of a greenish grey hue, whipped up into foam by the wind and the paddle of the steamer, and the Thames Embankment, the Houses of Parliament, St. Thomas's Hospital, and the handsome bridges that span the river, made it a pleasant way of travelling for anyone who for hours had been shut up in a dingy office, and the crowded condition of the boat, on which the company was not too select, gave evidence of its being appreciated.

By the time the boat reached Battersea Park, it was nearly empty, its passengers having alighted at



intervening piers, and the Park itself had but few people in it.

"I have never been here before," remarked Monckton, as they walked upon the grass.

"Probably not," was the reply, "but now, what were you going to consult me about?"

"I scarcely know how to begin, for there are two things, though the subject is nearly the same; first, my aunt constantly asserts her belief that Carrie Carew is not dead."

"Ah, has she any proof? Belief is nothing. I might almost say I believe it myself, but it is proof we want, and have not got."

"You!" said the young man, eagerly, and yet with incredulity; "is it possible you think so too? But if so, where can she be? Why has she hidden herself? Who was the woman who now lies in the vault of the Carews if it is not Carrie?"

The lawyer shrugged his shoulders.

"Three questions, and I cannot answer one of them, for as I tell you, we want proof. I do not believe that the woman last laid in the vault of the Carews was Caroline, Sir John's daughter, but I cannot prove it; if I could my course would be clearer. Ascertain if your aunt has any proof whatever, and now for the next point."

"My next puzzle is about Mrs. Kempson and her companion, as she now calls her, though she was, but a little time back, her waiting maid, the girl who was the cause of poor Godfrey Slocombe's death."

And then he told the lawyer how he had met her on the stairs in the hotel, the appointment she had made with him, his invitation from Hilda to meet or go with them to the theatre; the evident terror with which Milly regarded her mistress, and the conviction that she knew something which might be detrimental to her, or that would throw some light upon Carrie's fate or that of her father.

"We must get that girl away from her," said the man of law, emphatically. "I don't believe in Mrs. Kempson, or Dr. Bristol, but you will have to do the principal part of it. They suspect me, for I am at war with them, and if I am seen in the matter they will take the alarm at once."

"I am willing to help, but how is it to be done?"

"I must think it over. You could offer to take the two women to see some show, couldn't you, when Bristol is away and can't attend to them? Devote yourself exclusively to the mistress, and when her head is turned I will look at and try to run off with the maid."

"A very moral proceeding," laughed the young man. "But I am ready to do my part. She seems to have got some absurd ideas in her head about having seen Godfrey Slocombe last night."

"Yes. Give her a hint that I thought I saw him, too, and have something to tell her about him. She will jump at it as a fish at a worm."

"I will if I have a chance. But about Miss Carew? Is it not possible to find out to a positive certainty whether she is alive or dead?"

"Well, yes. Go down to Wembury Church, and you will find her name among her ancestors. You can even get a copy of the registration of her death, enough to satisfy any court of law."

"But I don't mean that."

"Of course you don't. I have had detectives on the hunt ever since the inquest on the body found in the Thames appeared in the newspapers, and they have been able to tell me nothing. Yet I believe she is still alive, though my grounds for believing so I cannot tell you. Now, shall we go back to dinner?"

Fred Monckton assented, but later in the evening he observed:

"I never could understand why Carrie Carew rushed off in such a hurry from the Court. I should have believed that Sir Philip Walsingham had had something to do with it but that he assured me the day after her father's death that he was not engaged to her."

"Oh, indeed!"

"Yes, I thought but for him there might be a chance for me, so I asked him boldly."

"The best plan, I should say. I am glad there was nothing of the kind, but I feared there might be. You know, I suppose, that Mrs. Kempson disputed her cousin's legitimacy."

"No; but that would have made no difference to me. I would have married Carrie Carew if she would have had me, even had she been nameless and penniless."

"I am glad to hear it, but some unusual influence must have been at work, or Miss Carew would never have left home as she did, for she gave me her word that she would take no important step without my permission."

"And yet—"

A knock at the door, and a servant entered with a card on a salver.

"Show him in the study," said his master, then, when the man had left the room, he handed the piece of pasteboard to his guest, and Frederick Monckton read upon it the name of

"Dr. Bristol."

"Shall I go?" asked the young man.

"No. Help yourself to wine and cigars, and wait my return. I may have something to tell you."

"All right," was the reply.

And then Willoughby Shrapnell went to meet Hilda Kempson's affianced husband.

(To be Continued.)

## SCIENCE.

**ROMANIAN AMBER.**—According to H. Biziste, of Bucharest, Romanian amber differs totally from the German amber found on the shores of the Baltic Sea. Both are the fossil resins of antediluvian trees and agree in chemical composition, but differ in colour. German amber is found only of light colours—yellow, white, and pink—while Romanian amber is red, pink, brown, blue, green, and black. These colours are frequently found mixed in a single piece, and we also have lumps with silver-coloured veins and gold specks. On account of this variety of colours, the Romanian amber is highly esteemed, and the darker and more beautiful pieces are more costly than yellow amber, especially as they are more rare. German amber is found in the sea or in alluvial earth; the Romanian amber is only found in mountainous places and highlands, where it is sought and dug out by the peasants. The collection of amber languishes, or, more properly speaking, is never conducted in a rational manner. The peasants being ignorant, and lead only by instinct, dig here and there, whenever they guess that amber is to be found. Formerly, this amber was found in large quantities, and also in much larger pieces than at present. Biziste is of opinion that if the search for amber and its collection should be carried on in a scientific manner, by competent judges, it would prove remunerative. At the Vienna Exhibition, Biziste took a diploma for a beautiful collection of cigar holders, ornaments, &c., made of black amber.

**TO DISTINGUISH BETWEEN COTTON AND WOOL IN FABRICS.**—Havel on the suspected cotton fibre from the wool and apply flame. The cotton will burn with a flash, the wool will curl up, carbonise, and emit a burnt, disagreeable smell. Even to the naked eye the cotton is noticeably different from the filaments of wool, and under the magnifier this difference comes out strongly. The cotton is a flattened, more or less twisted band, having a very striking resemblance to hair, which, in reality, it is; since, in the condition of elongated cells, it lines the inner surface of the pod. The wool may be recognised at once by the zigzag transverse markings on its fibres. The surface of wool is covered with these furrowed and twisted fine cross lines, of which there are 2,000 to 4,000 in an inch. On this structure depends its felting property. Finally, a simple and very striking chemical test may be applied. The mixed goods are unravelled, a little of the cotton fibre put into one dish and the woolen in another, and a drop of strong nitric acid added. The cotton will be little or not at all affected; the wool, on the contrary, will be changed to a bright yellow. The colour is due to the development of a picrotoxin.

**FORMATION OF PETROLEUM.**—A new theory, based chiefly on chemical considerations, is propounded by Prof. Mendeleeff regarding the formation of petroleum in the interior of the earth. From the fact that in Pennsylvania petroleum occurs in the Devonian and Silurian rocks, it appears to him highly improbable that the fluid hydrocarbon should be the result of the decomposition of organic remains, for but little organic life could have existed in those ages. His theory, starting with Laplace's hypothesis of the formation of our globe, assumes the existence of great masses of iron, and, along with it, of inorganic carbon, in the inner parts of the earth. The water which, from the more exterior regions, penetrates to the molten metal, is decomposed; its oxygen goes to the iron, whilst its hydrogen unites, under the influence of great heat and pressure, with the carbon, to form the varieties of hydro-carbons which make up petroleum.

It is believed that the trowel-bayonet, lately introduced in the American army, gives the greatest satisfaction. Battles nowadays are won more often by a skilful and rapid employment of the spade than by hand-to-hand conflicts. Yet this new bayonet not only enables soldiers to entrench themselves in

an incredibly short space of time, but as a weapon can rival that which is now in the hands of our infantry.

**A NEW USE FOR GLYCERINE.**—Physicians and dentists who use small mirrors to explore the throat and teeth, astronomers employing large mirrors out of doors, all who have occasion to use spy-glasses in foggy weather, and especially those near-sighted persons who cannot shave themselves without bringing their noses almost in contact with the looking-glass, are doubtless aware that the lustre of mirrors becomes soon dimmed by the breath, by dew, and generally by water in a vaporous state. The way to prevent this troublesome fog is simply to wipe the surface of the mirror before using with a rag moistened with glycerine. By this substance, watery vapour is completely taken up.

**ADULTERATING RUBBER.**—The use of the salts of barium for adulterating goods sold by weight is on the increase. Some rubber goods have been found with these salts in the material, which on combustion left as much as 60 per cent. of ash, pure rubber leaving only 2.5 or 3 per cent. The adulterated goods cracked and lost their elasticity.

## HIS EVIL GENIUS.

### CHAPTER LI.

"I ONLY wish I could understand all this, or even part of it," I exclaimed, as soon as De Lyons and I were shut up alone, "for dash me if I can make head or tail of the whole matter."

We had, at our own request, been shown with the greatest civility into a small apartment. It could hardly be called a cell, for, though very plain and simple, it was really comfortably furnished, and most scrupulously clean.

I happened to notice such little extras as a coloured cloth to the deal table, and cushions to the chairs, which were evidently brand new, for the shop tickets were still upon them, and seemed, as I remember we flattered ourselves, freshly put in for our special accommodation.

"You seem to take it all very naturally," I said to Tarakoom; "perhaps you will not mind letting me into the secret."

"I know no more than yourself, my dear friend," was De Lyons' reply, except from what I could gather, or rather guess at, in that short but very lucky meeting with our old friend, the professor. Why were you so awfully cold in your manner to the poor old fellow, by the way? He never did you any harm—intentionally, at least."

"I wish he would give me back what he borrowed from me," I said.

De Lyons for a moment put on that provoking look of his—which made me at times almost positively hate him—just as if he was going to pretend not to understand me.

"Oh, to be sure he will; he has never had an opportunity, you know. I will see that shall be all right, you may depend upon me; but do not let us go off upon that subject now, for serious as it may seem to you, and no doubt it is, in its proper season, just now the professor has matters still more serious and important to think about."

"That gendarme was not far wrong when he voted him to be, as he did, the greatest man at this moment in Paris, or in France; the highest trump-card, the main spring, the moving spirit, I should say, in suitable language, of the whole concern. And now I come to put this and that together, as the saying is, I begin to twig in which direction the little game of the day is going."

The fact is, I happen to know, no matter how, that the professor had for many years been the most intimate friend and adviser of the prince—the ruling man, in short, of this country—namely, you know, are dangerous to be repeated, even in stone walls—he was thrown much with him when they were young men together in Italy, and afterwards in America and London.

"The professor, indeed, told me as much one day, when he gave me as an instance of the folly of running one's head against one's own destiny—he gave me an instance how he had foretold the failure, and done all in his power to dissuade from, and prevent, that rash and unlucky expedition to Boulogne."

"It was also through old Zauber's immediate contrivance, being disguised as a common labouring man, that the escape from Ham was so cleverly effected; which, however, could never have been managed had it not been for the extraordinary influence which he brought to bear upon the senses

and vigilance of the guards and officials about the prison.

"I remember his telling me one day, when in a confidential mood, that it took months before he had recovered the strain and exhaustion upon his own system, both in mind and body, in consequence of his taking solely upon himself to tackle with the accumulated vital principle and odious power of so many strong, full-grown men at one time.

"He was with his friend again in '48, when he came over here to be elected to the present position which he now holds; and now, depend upon it, there is some new great change on the cards close at hand, and now, by Hokey! I think of it, what is the day of the month and year, December 1st, 1851, is it not?—of course it is, and only think that it should not have struck me before.

"Well, as it is necessary for explanation, I do not mind owning, in strict confidence to you, my dear Lambert, that popping suddenly one morning into the professor's room at Dresden, the good man was out, but all his papers were left about on the table; from no mean motive of curiosity, but sheer idleness, I took up a paper which he had been at work at, and which was nothing more nor less than a scheme for the horoscope of the illustrious character to whom I have been respectfully alluding.

"The professor came in before many minutes, and being, or pretending to be, most seriously riled at my meddling with his private papers, violently snatched the said document out of my hand, before I had made much out of it; but I recollect that my eye did catch a sort of index note in the margin, which specified that the 2nd of December, of—yes, this very year '51, and again next year, were destined to be of the utmost importance, the turning-point, in fact, in the career of that illustrious party; and that, if acting strictly according to certain rules, and by avoiding certain dangers, he might end eventually in re-establishing himself and his dynasty as—Well, never mind. But let us see what a day or two may bring forth.

"I can only say, that nothing in the whole world was at that time more improbable; so much so, that it rather shook my own faith in the professor's veracity. Indeed, I chaffed him, and told him that I admired his cheek, in trying to come it a little too strong, and he grew quite savage and begged me to make myself scarce in consequence.

"He himself alluded to my incredulity in that short chat with him I had on the Boulevards; that shows things must be pretty near and sure, or he wouldn't have so far forgotten his habitual caution; and the strange, restless, expectant manner of these officials betray them as primed and on the look-out for some great changes which perhaps may turn up to-morrow, or even to-night."

Taraxacum's interesting discourse was interrupted by the entrance of a most obsequious official—they had not omitted the ceremony of locking the door upon us, by the way, I suppose, from habit and mere form's sake—who, in the blindest tones, requested to know at what hour it would please les messieurs to be served with dinner, he at the same time took occasion to apologise for being prevented, by his duty, from allowing our compatriot and companion in misfortune, as he was pleased delicately to express it, from joining us at that meal.

But as he had so far forgotten himself as to become perfectly uncontrollable, and, in his spirit of insubordination, to be guilty of a personal attack and extreme violence against the officers in charge, he had been forced, *malgré lui*, he could protest to us, to have him confined in one of the refractory cells, from which, according to the rules of the establishment, no one had power to release him, without a special order of the superior commissary himself, who had not yet returned from waiting, by express command, upon his excellency the president.

It was Gories he was talking about; we had actually forgotten all about him. It seemed that he had been brought straight to the prison, while we had been allowed first to go for our things to our hotel.

No sooner had he found himself within the walls than, according to our informant, he had run a regular muck, and exceeded his usual self in the ferocity and frantic spite of his attacks, and resistance against all within his reach; kicking, scratching, and otherwise conducting himself in his accustomed wild-beast fashion.

He had at last been overpowered by numbers, and having been obliged to be actually handcuffed, and been conveyed ignominiously into the "cachot," as I think they call the black hole of their prisons, and there shut up in complete darkness, with no prospect but bread and water by way of refreshment, and the contemplation of his own iniquities for

mental occupation and amusement for the next forty-eight hours and upwards, according to his behaviour.

So far from sympathising, we really could not help laughing heartily, to the evident astonishment of our gaoler; and I am almost ashamed to own, that I think that this additional misfortune of our compatriot certainly had the effect on both De Lyons and myself of considerably raising our spirits, and making us more contented with our temporal loss of liberty.

They served us with a plain but very decent meal, quite enough, and very fairly cooked; and having made no difficulty in acceding to our request, that we might be allowed to remain together through the night, brought in a second bed, and made everything as comfortable as possible for us.

Glad enough we were indeed to turn in, pretty well tired out with all the excitement of the day—some half hour or so before, the attendant looked politely in upon us to announce that by the regulations of the establishment, the lights must be turned off precisely at whatever the particular hour might be.

It seemed to us about midnight, or not later than two or three in the morning—though, as it proved, it was nearer seven, but still pitch dark—that we were roused up from our sleep by a most tremendous row going on in the large central hall, or body of the prison: as we listened, we could make out nothing distinctly but a confused hubbub of awaking, protesting voices, intermingled with the scuffling and stamping of many feet.

"By the living jingo, it's begun, then!" cried Taraxacum, springing off his bed. "I wonder whether an infuriated populace have broken into the prison, and taken possession of it as they did the old Bastille? I hope they won't be for voting us to be bloated aristocrats, and want to hang us up to lamp-posts, or stick our heads on to their pikes; for when these 'moscos' once begin their playful larks, there is no reckoning to what lengths their lively spirits may not carry them. At any rate, there is evidently something serious going on, and we had better scramble into our clothes as quickly as we can in the dark."

That was not a bad suggestion; for in a few minutes our door was unlocked from the outside, and our friendly attendant, or turnkey as I suppose he really ought to be called, put his head in, with a civil apology for disturbing us so early, but a request that we would have the complaisance to get up and turn out of our cell as soon as possible, as the monsieur for whom it had been previously engaged was arrived.

What was to become of us? we inquired. The man seemed puzzled, and saying something about having received no commands, hurried off, leaving our door open for us to walk out when we pleased.

As soon as we had huddled on our things, and had passed out unchallenged by anyone, into the great central hall, from which the whole plan of the building radiates, a most extraordinary scene met our view.

Dimly lighted as it was, by only a couple of gas-jets near the centre, the whole space seemed filled by confused groups of figures in every sort of dishevelled and incongruous costume, surrounded and intermingled with sergeants-de-ville, in full uniform, and armed to the teeth.

There were some who wore long dressing-gowns with their trousers tied in knots round their necks, instead of being worn in the recognised mode, and cotton nightcaps on their heads, on the top of which their hats seemed to have been jammed down with violence, hind part before, or otherwise, as chance may have directed; some shuffling along in slippers; some with one boot on a foot, and the other still under their arm; others having apparently had a hard tussle for it when pulled by force out of their beds, as evidenced by the remnants of their night garments hanging in tatters about them, with cloaks or great coats thrown hastily over them, while their stockings and nether garments, dragging about their heels, could have conducted but slightly to their personal comfort, and certainly nothing to their dignity.

But few of them were in a costume particularly adapted to the temperature of an early raw December morning, were it not that, luckily for them, they, one and all, seemed too hot with boiling rage and indignation to think or care, at the time, for either scantiness of their garments or the sharpness of the frost.

Such a regular Babel I never listened to in all my days; the whole lot of them, amounting, as that first batch did, I believe, to a score or two, or more, all gesticulating, denouncing, protesting, and haranguing at once.

One or two of them were handcuffed, but the majority seemed only to be subjected to a very gentle coercion from their conductors, who treated them with a certain degree of respect, but the most

imperturbable serenity, as each was, in turn, gradually told off to a different apartment.

De Lyons and I stood there in the obscurity of the background all the while, quite unnoticed, witnessing this extraordinary scene, with no small interest and wonderment, of course not knowing what to make of it, or who, or even of what class of people this large haul of prisoners could consist, until my companion suddenly whispered to me:

"Why, by the blessed flames, this is a rum start, and no mistake. Why that obstreperous old party whom they have just shoved into that cell that we came out of, with the handcuffs on, is General Bedeau; and that next to him, though I forget his name, was also pointed out to me as a leading member of the National Assembly. I saw them both dining together at the café the night before last, when you had gone to spend the evening with your mother: an old friend of mine whom I accidentally met there, and who knows everybody in the city, told me who they were."

When at last they were all disposed of and each individual still protesting and making more or less show of indignation and resistance, had been told off into a separate cell, and the door locked upon him, the gendarmes, their conductors, who had evidently utterly forgotten, or had never been aware of our presence, gathered together round the unlighted stove in the middle of the hall, and administering sundry hearty slaps of congratulation on each other's broad backs, and facetious digs in their neighbours' ribs and sides, stood there and grinned and laughed together till their epaulettes and accoutrements shook and rattled again like a forest in the wind.

"Bravo! mes braves! Hurrah for the winning side!" sung out Taraxacum, suddenly, at the top of his voice—I really believe as much by way of a vent to his own feelings as a gentle hint of our presence, which had been so entirely overlooked by the officials thus detected in the indulgence of their most unprofessional hilarity.

The whole group jumped round upon their heels, with every variety of amazement expressed in their gestures and countenances.

"Who are these 'importuns' here at large?" inquired the head swell, fiercely, striding towards us.

Our special and obliging turnkey suddenly seemed to remember our existence, and rushed forward with an explanation to his superior officer.

"Ah! parbleu, messieurs!" he exclaimed, "a thousand times I entreat your pardons. I have had so much to occupy my thoughts, that I had—pray again forgive me—for the moment entirely forgotten you. But, what have we? Can I credit my senses? Is it then possible? Yes—no! or is it that Gustave Kennard is so much changed in a few months by the cares and responsibilities of his office that he is not to be recognised by his former camarade and fellow-associate in physical sciences—M. De Lyons? or, for example, even more marvellous is it indeed that a kind Providence has thus placed it in my power to acknowledge the debt of gratitude which I owe to him who, on a former occasion, by his bravery and courage so chivalrously risked his own life in saving mine, when on the point of being torn to pieces by a furious and bloodthirsty cannibal in the famous Ton-and-Gow revolution, in the capital of the province of Cambridge!"

It was indeed the original "Mosco" Kennard, our former acquaintances, who, perhaps, by the interest of the professor, though I don't know that I ever exactly ascertained that fact, now occupied the responsible situation of head-gaoler of the Mazas (perhaps he had himself had some more euphonious title for the dignity, but that is what he really in fact was, all the same).

His arms were round De Lyons' neck, who, luckily for me, happened to be standing nearest, and he had kissed him with a hearty smack upon both cheeks before one could wink. Taraxacum was more used to that sort of thing, however, and though I think he was perhaps a little amazed because I was there as a witness, did not after all seem so very much to mind the absurd salutation.

For my part, I took care to grasp both of our enthusiastic friend's outstretched hands so tightly, though cordially, as I shook them with prolonged warmth and violence, at the same time keeping my head well back, so that I managed to escape that same demonstration of affection and gratitude.

The whole body of sergeants-de-ville in the meantime drew up at "attention," in a respectful and admiring circle round us, and honoured their chief and his new-found friends with a general military salute, like a chorus in an opera.

"My very dear and excellent friends," M. Kennard went on, after this first burst of affectionate recognition had thus found vent and a little subsided—"though if I were to consult only my own



feelings I would gladly detain you here with me as my guests, if not my prisoners, yet it is my duty and disinterested pleasure to have to announce to you, that you are both at full liberty to depart hence, as soon as you will. I myself brought back with me the order for the release of two English gentlemen arrested on suspicion, from the Elysée itself this morning, but having so much of importance upon my mind at the moment, the names, as written in the official document, did not strike my eye or mind as those of any persons with whom I had ever had any previous acquaintance."

I myself did not much wonder at that, as happening to glance at the said order, I perceived that our names were transcribed into a form which I think would have puzzled ourselves to recognise, let alone any acquaintance, whether French or English. De Lyons was set down as "Daniel Leous," and I as "Monsieur Francland Barddi."

"From the Elysée you came then?" said Taraxacum. "So that is the winning side, is it? Well, I am glad to hear it, but I suppose it was about an equal toss-up which would cry heads and win, wasn't it?"

M. Commissaire Kennard only grinned very knowingly, and displayed the whole length of his very yellow teeth and gums, begging politely to know when it would suit us to have his gates thrown open for our much-to-be-regretted departure.

"We must have all our things out first," answered De Lyons, "which are locked-up in that cell there, where you have stowed away that old Member of Parliament fellow, or whatever you call him in this country; luckily he was one of the handcuffed ones, or I shouldn't wonder if he had prigged some of them by this time."

Taraxacum had many virtues and excellent qualities, but veneration for his betters, or respect for greatness in adversity, were by no means to be reckoned amongst them.

I ventured to suggest that we should scarcely consider it either a compliment or a favour to be turned adrift into the streets at that hour of the morning, for, as I have I think said, we fancied that it was a great deal earlier than it really was, though it was by that time in fact, past seven, and daylight was breaking. If we could be accommodated anywhere till a more reasonable hour without inconvenience, I said that we should feel grateful.

The commissaire most politely invited us into his own quarters, where we found a good fire, and a cup of most excellent chocolate. Being either too much pre-occupied with the thoughts of his past night's work, or perhaps restrained by the habits and traditions of proper official caution, our entertainer did not seem much inclined to answer the thousand-and-one questions with which we overwhelmed him; though, by way of explanation, he handed to each of us a copy of a long printed manifesto, which, among other announcements, declared the National Assembly to be dissolved, a state of siege to have commenced, and a very pithy address to the people, all signed by M. de Prefet de Police, which document was as the commissaire informed us, by that time posted on every wall in Paris.

When we left the prison at our leisure, and drove down the Boulevards with a written pass, which had been made out for us in case of our being stopped, we found all the principal streets entirely occupied by the military, and, though scarcely a vehicle besides our own fiacre was to be seen, the whole populace were at that hour turned out upon the pavement, with the eyes and mouths of amazement stretched to their widest.

(To be Continued.)

#### PURSUIT OF WEALTH.

THIS insane and insatiable passion for accumulation ever ready, when circumstances favour, to seize upon the public mind, is "that love of money which is the root of all evil," that covetousness which is idolatry." It springs from an undue, an idolatrous estimate of the value of property. Many are feeling that nothing—nothing will do for them, or for their children, but wealth; not a good character, not well-trained and well exerted faculties, not virtue, not the hope of heaven—nothing but wealth. It is their god and the god of their families. Their sons are growing up to the worship of it, and to an equally baneful reliance upon it for the future; they are rushing into expenses which the divided property of their father's house will not enable them to sustain; and they are preparing to be, in turn and from necessity, slaves to the same idol.

How truly it is written, "that they that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in de-

struction and perdition!" There is no need that they should be rich; but they will be rich. All the noblest functions of life may be discharged without wealth, all its highest honours obtained, all its purest pleasures enjoyed; yet we repeat it: nothing—nothing will do it, but wealth. Disappoint a man of this, and he mourns as if the highest end of life were defeated. Strip him of this; and this gone, all is gone. Strip him of this, and we shall point to no unheard-of experience, when we say—he had rather die than live!

#### THE MODERN AQUARIUM.

If we visit the aquarium at the Crystal Palace, at Brighton, and elsewhere, we pass through a spacious hall, on either side of which are the tanks, through the massive plate-glass fronts of which we see their tenants disporting themselves as in their native depths. We also note that at one corner of the tank a continuous stream of pure water is being pumped into the miniature sea, and we can readily tell that this is a stream of aerated oxygen-carrying water, by the multitude of air-bubbles which it diffuses through the surrounding medium. The water is thus, by the agency of steam-power, constantly kept circulating throughout the entire series of tanks, and, from our previous remarks, the reader will be at no loss to answer the question: "How is it all managed?" which is always in the lips of visitors who cannot imagine how, in an inland town especially, fresh salt-water is always to be had. In fact it may be asserted, that, the most successful aquaria are those farthest from the sea, and which depend for their success on the constant and careful aeration and manipulation of the same volumes of water.

Where, as at Brighton, the facilities for renewing the water are many, no advantage can be seen, either in the purity of the water or in the health of its denizens, over aquaria far moved from the sea, in which the one supply serves for an indefinite period. The plan adopted in our large aquaria is to have dark tanks situated beneath the show tanks. Water is continually being driven from the dark reservoirs upwards into the tanks containing the animals, the jets of water being charged with oxygen received in the passage of the water as it is exposed to the atmosphere. The overflow pipes of the show-tanks are constantly returning the water once more to the dark tanks, its sojourn in the latter preventing the excessive development of vegetable spores. The only other condition which the aquarium-keeper has to consider is that of evaporation.

If left to itself, the water of an aquarium obeys the universal rule of outdoor nature, and decreases in bulk through evaporation. Small quantities of water have, therefore, to be added to the store, to make good this loss—trifling, no doubt, when casually viewed, but important when regarded as to its accumulative effects. Experience has also taught aquarium managers a fact which scientific theory itself would hardly have inculcated, namely, that plant-growth is not necessary in great aquaria for the maintenance of animal life, in the face of the constant circulation of water. The minute invisible spores or germs, which are invariably present, perform the functions of the adult and visible plants, and thus render needless the cultivation of the latter, always a troublesome and difficult performance.

Much as the aquarium has been appreciated, and boundless as is the delight which it affords to thousands of holiday-makers, its higher functions have yet to be fully realised. At Naples, Dr. Anton Lohr has not only established an aquarium and zoological station, but has, along with savants from other countries, already made many valuable and original observations on the life-history and development of various marine animals. The aquarium, whilst it thus serves to increase the higher culture of the nation at large, by presenting the people with the opportunity of seeing what is good, true, and beautiful in nature, and to act as a great educational means in stimulating a love of nature, especially in the young, has also the important mission of affording material and opportunity for scientific and technical investigation.

And the entire subject has a high value in impressing upon the mind not only the fact that important results sometimes spring from the careful study of a seemingly trifling subject, but also that attention to minor details and to the laws of natural things constitutes the means which ultimately ensure success in most of our undertakings.

WHEN you embark in a Speculation, mind your crew don't scuttle her.

#### RECREATION

To work best, a man must play a due proportion of the time; to bear the heaviest burdens he must have his heart lightened now and then; to think so profoundly, he must not think so constantly. When the world, on any plea of prudence, or wisdom, or conscience, has overlooked these principles, religion and morality have suffered. In the former times, monasteries, nunneries, caves and pillars, held the pure fanatics and ultraists, the idiots and hypocrites, whom wronged nature sent there.

Now insane asylums and hospitals shelter the victims furnished for their cells by the headlong sobriety and mad earnestness or business which knows no pleasures, or of study which will allow no cessation, or of conscience and piety, which frown on amusement; while the morbid morality, the thin wisdom, the jaundiced affections, the wretched dyspepsia, the wreck and defeat of body and mind, which a community deficient in out-door sports, genial society, or legitimate gaiety, exhibits to the thoughtful eye, are hardly less saddening than the hospital or mad-house.

#### OUT-DOOR SAFETY.

THE fear of the weather has sent multitudes to the grave, who otherwise might have lived in health many years longer. The fierce north wind and the furious snow-storm kill comparatively few, while hot winter rooms and crisp summer suns have countless hecatombs of human victims to attest their power. Except in localities where malignant miasms prevail, and that only in warm weather, out-door life is the healthiest and happiest, from the tropics to the poles.

The general fact speaks for itself, that persons who are out of doors most, take cold least. In some parts of our country, near one-half of our adult deaths are from diseases of the air passages. These ailments arise from taking cold in some way or another; and surely the reader will take some interest in a subject, which, by at least one chance out of four, his own life may be lost.

All colds arise from one of two causes.

1. By getting cool too quick after exercise, either as to the whole body, or any part of it.  
2. By being chilled, and remaining so for a long time, from want of exercise.

To avoid colds from the former, we have only to go to a fire the moment the exercises cease in the winter. If in summer, repair at once to a closed room, and there remain with the same clothing on, until cooled off.

To avoid colds from the latter cause, and these engender the most speedily fatal diseases, such as pleuritis, croup, and inflammation of the lungs called pneumonias, we have only to compel ourselves to walk with sufficient vigour to keep off a feeling of chilliness. Attention to a precept contained in less than a dozen words, would add twenty years to the average of civilised life.

Keep away chilliness by exercise; cool off slowly. Then you will never take cold, in door or out.

#### DISCOVERY OF A NEW PINK CORAL BED.

THE U.S. Steamer Gettysburg, while on her way from Fayal to Gibraltar, recently made a discovery of considerable importance, in the shape of an immense coral bank (hitherto totally unknown) in latitude 36-30, longitude 11-28. Partial surveys were made, and the least depth of water noted was 189 feet, which in mid-ocean is very significant. Twenty miles west of the bank the sounding line marks 16,500 feet, and between the bank and Cape St. Vincent, 12,000 feet. The commander of the Gettysburg believes that in some portions the coral rises to the surface. How such a reef, in a part of the ocean which is constantly traversed by vessels, can have remained undiscovered is almost inexplicable. It is also stated that the bank is rich in valuable coral of light pink shades of colour.

#### GETTING MARRIED.

EVERY young girl, now-a-days, expects to get a rich husband; and therefore rich men ought to be abundant. In the country, we admit that girls are sometimes brought up with an idea of work, and with a suspicion that each may chance to wed a sober, steady, good-looking, industrious young man, who will be compelled to earn by severe labour the subsistence of himself and family. There are not

so many brought up with such ideas now even in the country as there used to be; but there are some, and they consequently learn how to become worthy helpmates to such worthy partners.

But in town it is different. From the highest to the lowest class in life, the prevailing idea with all is, that marriage is to lift them at once above all necessity for exertion; and even the servant girl dresses and reasons as if she entertained a romantic confidence in her Cinderella-like destiny of marrying a prince, or, at least, of being fallen in love with and married by some wealthy gentleman, if not by some nobleman in disguise.

This is why so many young men fear to marry. The young women they meet with are imbued with notions of marriage so utterly incompatible with the ordinary relations of life in their station; they are so wholly inexperienced in the economy of the household; they have been taught, or taught themselves, such a "noble disdain" for all kinds of family industry; they have acquired such expectations of lady-like ease and elegance in the matrimonial connection, that to wed any one of them is to secure a life-long lease of domestic unhappiness, and purchase wretchedness, poverty, and despair.

All this is wrong, and should be amended. Such fallacies do not become a sensible age nor a sensible people. Our grandfathers and mothers had more wisdom than this. The present age is much too fast a one in this respect. Let us sober down a little. Let every young woman be taught ideas of life and expectations of marriage suitable to her condition, and she will not be so frequently disappointed.

Should she be fortunate and wed above that condition, she may readily learn the new duties becoming it, and will not have been injured by having possessed herself of those fitting a station below. Let her anticipate always a marriage with one in the humbler walks of life, and then, should she happen to do better, her good fortune will be only the more delightful.

#### THE WIFE.

It needs no guilt to break a husband's heart; the absence of content, the mutterings of spleen, the untidy dress, and cheerless home; the forbidding scowl and deserted heart; these and other nameless neglect—without a crime among them—have harrowed to the quick the core of many a man; and planted there beyond the reach of cure, the germ of dark despair. Oh, may woman believe that sad sight arrives dwell on the recollections of her youth, and cherishing the dear idea of that tuneful time, awake and keep alive the promises she then so kindly gave, and though she may be injured, not the injuring one—the forgotten, not the forgetful wife—a happy allusion to that hour of peace and love—a kindly welcome to a comfortable home—a smile of love to banish hostile words—a kiss of peace to pardon all the past, and the hardest heart that ever locked itself within the breast of selfish man will soften to her charms, and bid her live as she had hoped, her years in matchless bliss—loved, loving, and content—the soothing of the sorrowing hour—the source of comfort and the spring of joy.

## DUBLIN DAN; OR, THE ROSE OF BALLYHOOLAN.

### CHAPTER XII. RESCUE AND REFUGE.

AFTER a brief space which seemed an age to those within, a dense smoke arose in the passage outside the library, the flames of which were driven by the draught through the interstices of the door.

"By Heaven, the villains have fired the house!" exclaimed Mr. Deering.

Dan gnashed his teeth with impotent rage. "Let's break out, and fire on them," he said. "That would be to court certain death. There are too many of them."

"But what if we stay here?"

"We must trust to Providence," answered Luke Deering.

He paced the room like an imprisoned tiger. The smoke increased in density.

Wood began to crackle, and the faint glimmer of flames was seen through a crack.

Dan clinched his rifle firmly. "I can stand no more of this," he said. "If I am to die, I'll die fighting, and not be smothered in here."

He rushed to the window. "What are you about to do?" asked his uncle. "Face them."

"Wait one minute. I hear something." He placed his hand to his ear, and listened attentively.

"Yes," he continued. "It is the tramp of armed men. The soldiers are coming."

"Hurrah!" cried Dan.

His heart bounded with unspeakable delight. The next minute the sounds were distinctly audible.

A volley was quickly fired into the rioters grouped on the lawn, from the carbines of the approaching troopers.

Then horrid yells arose. There was a terrible hacking of heads and limbs, as the glittering sabres of the dragoons cut down the fire-raisers, wounding and killing some and making others fly in all directions.

"Saved! saved!" cried Mr. Deering. He pushed away his barricades, and flung open the door, only to be driven back by blinding fire and smoke.

"The window—the window!" said Dan. They ran in that direction, and quickly flung back the shades and the casement.

The dragoons under the command of Major Hampton, had dismounted from their horses, and already several of the servants, who, seeing how the aspect of affairs had changed, had returned to their obedience, were rushing with buckets of water to quench the fire.

Fortunately the flames had not yet had time to take any considerable hold on the house.

They succumbed to the energetic measures adopted to subdue them, as the dragoons also worked with a will in carrying the water.

The house was saved. A different fate had, however, befallen the stable, which with their valuable contents, consisting of seventeen blood horses, were utterly consumed. Twenty men were lying about dead and wounded.

Black Mike had escaped to the hills with a few of his devoted followers; and though a detachment of soldiers started to scour the country in pursuit, they failed to come up with them.

Doole and his men were too well acquainted with the difficult country to allow the soldiers any chance of catching them, when once they got into the neighbourhood of the woods and bogs.

Dan worked hard with the rest in putting out the fire; and when all danger was over, and the noble old mansion was saved, he began to think of himself.

His uncle was standing on the lawn in the full glare of the morning sun. A cask of ale had been broached, and all were invited to drink.

Feeling very thirsty and terribly tired, for he had been up all night, as we know, he approached for his share.

His uncle saw him.

In a loud voice he exclaimed:

"There is your prisoner, Major Hampton!"

"Ah, yes! Thank you," replied the English officer, and there was a slight curl of his lips as if he secretly despised Luke Deering for his meanness.

Turning to a trooper, he added:

"Simmons, arrest that boy."

The dragoon walked to Dan, and seized him by the arm, looking at his commanding officer for further orders.

"What shall I do with him, sir?" he asked.

"Mount him before you, and lodge him with the sheriff at Ennisfallon jail."

Dan looked reproachfully at his uncle.

"After coming here to warn you of your danger," he exclaimed; "after fighting, putting out the fire, and in fact saving you, I did not expect this."

"I have no alternative," replied Luke.

"You are a worse coward and sneak than I took you to be. but if you are such a spiritless wretch, I'll show you that I can act like a man," continued Dan.

The major addressed Mr. Deering.

"If you want to let him go, I'll not say anything," he remarked. "He's your nephew, and to tell the truth he saved my life this night. I'd like to aid him and you."

"Do your duty, major," replied Luke, in a stony voice.

Major Hampton, who was a gentleman, shrugged his shoulders.

"As you say," he replied,

He strode away in the direction of his troopers who had Dan in charge, and, in a low tone, observed:

"Simmons, if you have a chance of—a—of turning your back, if you should stop on the road, and that boy should escape, I—I shall not hold you responsible for your prisoner."

"I understand, major," answered the trooper.

He placed Dan on the saddle in front of him, and mounting immediately afterwards, rode quietly down the grand avenue on the road to Ennisfallon. The remainder of the soldiers were busily occupied in collecting the dead, and a doctor who had been sent for was attending to the wants and sufferings of the wounded.

Dan was disgusted at his uncle's black-hearted and treacherous conduct.

There was no prospect of help from outside now.

Patsee Leeson was cold in death, and Mickey Doole—Black Mike—was flying for his life, with the remnant of his discomfited followers.

The cheerless interior of the jail awaited him, a state trial, and a long, dreary term of penal servitude.

Weak, tired, and dispirited as he was the tears coursed down his wan cheeks.

Seeing this, Simmons, who was a kind-hearted fellow, exclaimed:

"Cue up, my son, day always comes after night, and all is not so black as it looks."

"I've no friends to help me now," replied Dan.

"Yes you have."

"Where?"

"I am one, the major's another. We heard what you did for him last night, and there ain't a man in the regiment who wouldn't do as much for you."

"Is that so?"

"Of course it is. Haven't most of us fought under Major Hampton in the Crimea and India? He is like a brother to his men."

"What will you do for me?"

"Let you run the first chance. Isn't there a little shebeen near here?"

"Mrs. O'Rourke's, do you mean?" said Dan, his heart beating strangely.

"That's the name."

"It's about a mile further on."

"Well, when we come to it I'll halt; we'll both dismount for refreshments, and if they are friends of yours get into some barn and stay there till you can get to some other part of the country."

Dan's eyes filled with tears, but this time they were tears of joy.

For the present, at least, he would elude the vindictive hatred of his unnatural uncle.

"Mrs. O'Rourke's."

That was the very place where he had been intending to go; were not his mother, his grandmother, and pretty Molly, the Rose of Ballyhooolan, there?

"Thank you very much," he exclaimed. "I hope I may have a chance of returning your kindness some day."

"I want no return. It's the major who is doing this," answered the dragoon.

They proceeded as far as Mrs. O'Rourke's in silence.

Having gained the little roadside inn, the soldier and Dan dismounted, Simmons entered the cottage, his accoutrements clanging very martially, and ordered some beer from Mrs. O'Rourke, who was inside.

Dan ran round the corner and walked into the kitchen in the rear. Here Mary was busy over the stove.

"Oh, be gracious," cried Mary. "It's Dan Deering."

"Don't talk so loud, Molly," replied Dan. "I'm an escaped political prisoner, worn out, and tired, and hungry."

"Sit down and eat your fill, Dan dear."

"I can't; some one might see me. Where's mother and granny?"

"Mrs. Deering isn't down yet, and Mrs. O'Flaherty's not well."

"Let me hide in the barn, Molly," continued Dan.

"Bring me something to eat and some tea."

"I won't be five minutes," she hastened to reply.

There's cold pork, and roast duck, and potatoes and—

"Anything will do. Come yourself, Molly, and don't let anyone know where I am."

"Not even your mother?"

"Tell her to-morrow. I'll be sleeping all day and night too, I expect," answered Dan.

"I'll be careful, Dan dear. Get up to the barn, it's full of clean, fresh hay. No one shall disturb you," answered Molly.

"Let me kiss your hand, aenahla machree," continued Dan, with a warning look.

The Rose of Ballyhooolan made no objection and held out her hand, saying at the same time:



"You're welcome to the kiss, Dan dear, but weren't it my face you meant after all?"

There was an arch look about her eyes as she spoke which made Dan think she was inexpressibly charming.

He took the hint, their lips met, and he ran off to hide in the barn, where he was soon softly and snugly concealed in the sweet, warm hay.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE SPY AT WORK.

It may readily be imagined that after the excitement and fatigue he had endured, Dan slept heavily all that day, and all through the night he slumbered.

His bed, though not luxurious, was of fresh clean hay, was warm and dry, and though he had no pillow of down, his sleep was peaceful.

Several times during the day did his mother and the Rose of Ballyhoolean come and look at him.

"Bless his dear heart," said Mrs. Deering. "I am so glad to have him near me once more, and if the police or the soldiers don't take him away—"

Here she broke down, and burst into a flood of tears.

"He's safe here, m's'am, dear," answered Mary O'Rourke. "No one knows his hiding-place, and if any of the boys should see him they would never think of betraying the son of one who was so good to the poor as his father. May the Lord bless him."

When Dan awoke he was very hungry, and getting up from his bed of hay, he rubbed his eyes, and for a moment wondered where he was.

It all came to him dimly.

He was still a proscribed rebel, but he was not in duress now, and he had, at all events, saved the home of his father from wreck and ruin. This thought consoled him.

Perhaps he might never inhabit the old hall again, but it was a pleasant recollection to cherish that it was still standing, and that through his means.

The day had dawned bright and sunny. He ventured to open the little window of the loft an inch or two, and look out. Between him and Mrs. O'Rourke's cottage was the yard in which he saw Molly milking the cow.

She was just under the window or door, and Dan could not resist the temptation of having some fun with her.

Taking up a heavy armful of hay, he let it fall on the cow's back, which had the expected effect of making the cow jump and kick.

The basket half full of milk went over, and so did the three-legged stool on which the Rose was sitting.

As a natural consequence the Rose of Ballyhoolean went over also, and in not a very dignified manner.

After throwing out the hay Dan had closed the door, and thrown himself upon the rough bed again, feigning to be asleep.

"Better take the cow!" exclaimed Mary O'Rourke, getting up from the straw on which she had fallen.

"What's the matter with the animal? Is it Dan up to his tricks. I'll trick him."

She took the milk-pail, and half-filled it with water from the cattle trough. Then she ascended the ladder leading to the loft, pail in hand, and getting near Dan, raised the pail to throw the water over him.

But Dan, though pretending to be asleep, had one eye open, and when he saw her threatening attitude, hastily sprang up.

"Don't throw it, Molly," he exclaimed. "I'll own I did it. Don't spoil the only suit of clothes I've got, and am likely to have in a long while."

"Then what did you make the cow kick for, sir, and waste all the elegant new milk? Is this your gratitude for sheltering you?" replied Molly.

"I'll apologise. It shan't occur again."

"I've a good mind to give you up to the soldiers; now get down on your knees and beg my pardon."

"I'll ask it with a kiss, avourneen," replied Dan.

"Deed and you won't, sir. Keep your distance," answered Molly; "and now what'll you do for a breakfast, and all the milk gone?"

"There's more in the cow, Molly dear, and you know it."

"Well, suppose there is? Don't be so fast, Master Dan, or I'll leave you to starve in the hayloft."

"You haven't the heart to do it, Molly darling."

"Wait and see if I haven't, and don't interfere between me and the cow any more, or you'll have trouble, sir," said the little maiden, descending the ladder again, but without showing her displeasure in any more forcible way.

Half an hour afterwards Molly returned with a

basket full of provisions to which he did ample justice, she talking to him all the time.

Then his mother came to see him, and his grandmother, both of whom made a great fuss over him.

"Cheer up, mother," said Dan. "Ireland isn't the world, and if the British will tyrannise over us we must go beyond the seas. I have been to America, and it's a great country, where we can work for our living and be free."

"Why did you go, Dan?" inquired Mrs. Deering.

"That was the beginning of all our trouble."

"Not all, mother," answered Dan, a little reproachfully.

"I know what you mean," she said; "but I did not think your Uncle Luke was such a bad man."

"You are so good and innocent yourself, mother, that you cannot suppose any evil in others."

"That is it, Dan," she answered.

"Luke will never prosper," exclaimed Mrs. Flannigan, who, seated on a bale of hay, had hitherto remained silent. "He was the cause of your father's death, Dan, and vengeance will overtake him."

"Maybe so," replied Dan, "but we can't count on that."

"The land will not pass from you, mabouchal."

said the aged dame. "Did not I foreshadow your going across the seas?"

"You did,"

"Well, trust the old woman again. Though Luke Deering may be as cunning as a weasel and as difficult to catch as a leprechaun, his hair will come."

This prophecy was uttered with deep earnestness and much impressed her hearers.

"If I can only keep concealed till the troubles pass away," said Dan, after a pause, "we will quit Loughmahon, and seek shelter where the queen's soldiers and police cannot touch us."

"You are safe here, my own heart's darling," replied Mrs. Deering.

"I hope so, mother."

"If any one came to take him away, I'd fight them myself," exclaimed Molly O'Rourke.

The Rose of Ballyhoolean handled a hay fork as she spoke; but in spite of her threat she did not look very formidable.

"Why, what could you do, Molly," asked Dan, smiling, "if you had the dragons to fight?"

"Didn't I make you as my pardon this very blessed morning, sir?" she answered with an arch smile.

"Faith and you did. I'd forgotten that," he said.

"Just the same as you forgot your manners, Dan, when you threw your hay on the old cow," she replied.

They both laughed at this apt answer, and shortly afterwards all took their leave of Dan, promising to send him all the news and plenty of the best food by Mary, but deeming it dangerous for either his mother or grandmother to visit him in the loft again for fear one might notice them.

If they were seen going into the loft the fact would arouse suspicions at once.

Mrs. O'Rourke's was a public-house, and all sorts of characters visited it, so that a spy of the government—and there were plenty about besides Peter Mahoney—might get a clue to the hiding-place of Dan.

During the afternoon Mary came to visit him a second time with some dinner.

She said that important news had been brought in by two of the boys, who had been in a fight with the police.

"What news, Molly?" asked Dan.

"Our people," she replied, "attacked the police barracks this morning, and the coast guard station."

"Is that so?" said Dan, deeply interested.

"And they took them both!"

"God save Ireland!" cried Dan, enthusiastically.

"Don't shout so. Sure somebody might hear you, and be a mile off," she said, reprovingly.

"I'm very sorry, Molly, dear, but that's great news."

What else?

"They captured all the arms, and killed several people, but they did not wait to face the soldiers, so they burnt the station and the barracks, and went back to the hills."

"Who led them?"

"An American officer, they say—Captain Moriarty, I think his name is."

"That's my friend!" exclaimed Dan. "Oh Molly!" he added, clasping his hands together, "I can't stay here."

"Why not?" she asked, elevating her eyebrows.

"I must join them and fight for the liberation of my country."

"Deed and you won't," replied Molly, firmly. "I should think you'd done enough already. Haven't you been across the sea, and been captured twice by the soldiers?—had luck to them all, I say, for ever and ever, amen."

"But now's the time; they want every one to help."

"Sure they'll hang you, if you be caught a third time."

"I can die but once."

"Oh, Dan," said Molly, bursting out crying, "I'm sorry I told you now. Don't go, don't go."

"I must."

"You shan't."

"For the honour of old Ireland."

"Stay home for the sake of your mother, Dan," she pleaded.

"I'll go and fight for the sake of my country. It's glorious to die for one's country, Molly. The soil we're born on before anything."

"And she such a good, loving mother to you," persisted Molly.

"The green above the red, Molly."

"You won't go, Dan, dear," she exclaimed, piteously.

"Duty calls me," he replied.

"Well, for my sake," she continued. "Oh, Dan, Dan, if you only know how my heart beats for you."

This appeal was so totally unexpected by Dan, that he wavered and had not the courage to persist in his determination.

He had long loved the Rose of Ballyhoolean; but she being older than he, and having a number of suitors and admirers, he was far from thinking that she returned his silent affection.

"I'll think about it," he said, at length.

"And you won't go without telling me first?"

Mary asked, lifting her tear-laden eyes to his.

"No, dear."

"Promise on your sacred word of honour."

"I do."

"I'm satisfied, for you're a gentleman, and your father was one before you," said Molly, who had a great respect for the Deerings.

The Rose of Ballyhoolean departed in a happy frame of mind, for she knew that Dan would not go back on his word.

It grieved Dan to have made this promise.

His heart was with the Fenians who were raising the standard of revolt in Ireland in the hope of freeing their long oppressed island from English rule.

He longed to be in the ranks, to strike a blow, to shed his blood in the cause, and with the heroic large-heartedness of generous youth, to die, if necessary.

The day passed away, and no one came near him.

By degrees the solitude of the barn became oppressive.

"Oh, why did I give that promise?" he muttered, sadly. "Much as I love Molly I love Ireland more. I'd give the world, if I had it to give, to be with Captain Moriarty this night."

It was growing dark. All at once Dan thought he heard a noise, as of someone ascending the ladder.

Seizing a stick of wood which was lying near, he prepared to defend himself if anyone hostile appeared.

"Dan," exclaimed a voice, "are you there?"

"Who asks?" he replied.

"'Tis me—Barney. You know Barney," answered the voice.

The next moment a head showed above the hole in the loft through which the ladder protruded, and Barney, the half-witted boy, made his appearance.

"How did you find me out?" asked Dan.

"They call me soft, and they talk before me," was the reply. "I heard you had escaped a second time from the soldiers, near here, and I came into Mrs. O'Rourke's."

"Yes," said Dan.

"They let me sit in a corner, takin' no notice of a born natural, as they think me."

"Well?"

"Soon I heard them talkin' talkin' and Molly said as you was goin' to the fightin', only she stayed ye."

"That's true."

"Then I knew you were hid somewhere about, and I hunted around until I found you here."

"I'm glad to see you, Barney, for I know you to be a true friend, and I don't mind confessing, that lying around in this barn is awful dull."

"Why can't you join the boys?"

"That's what I wanted to do, but the Rose made me promise I would not do it without telling her."

"Oh, begorra! that's a poor way of doin' business," replied Barney. "There'll be hard knocks givin' an' takin' to-morrow, an' there'll be corpses stiffin' on the ground before night. Shure your father's son oughtn't to be idle here, when all these hearts are up to strike a blow for old Ireland."

Dan groaned in anguish of spirit.

"You know I'd fight," Dan said. "Don't you, Barney?"

"Divil a one of me would doubt that," was the reply.



[DAN'S PROTECTORS.]

"I wish I'd never given that promise to Molly."

"Break it."

"I can't."

"Where's the harm of it? Maybe we shan't have another chance this long time to fight the redcoats, an' we're shure of battin' them, for more betoken that mere soldiers disarted from their colours yesterday and joined the Nationals."

"That's good news," said Dan. "Has there been fighting in any other parts of the country?"

"They say so," answered Barney. "I'm towld Dublin Castle is in the hands of the Fanians, an' Cork has been red with blood. We've conquered everywhere, an' whin Ennisfallon is takin' we're to march for Dublin."

Barney was not inventing when he told this grave news.

It was currently reported among the insurgents by their leaders, and as firmly believed.

The wildest rumours were afloat everywhere, and as the telegraph wires had been out during the night, and half a mile of the railroad track destroyed, no authentic intelligence could possibly be received.

Dan looked astonished, and well he might.

"The Rose will be here with my supper soon," he exclaimed, "and I'll ask her to release me from my promise."

"She'll release you if she's thrue to Ireland," replied Barney.

"Anyhow, I'll meet you at midnight at the cross-roads," said Dan; "and tell you how things are working."

"That'll do," said Barney.

"One word," cried Dan.

Barney stopped as he was on the topmost rung of the ladder.

"What now," he asked.

"Did the boys abuse me for stopping the burning of Loughmahon?"

"They said some hard things," replied Barney.

"Especially me father; but shure they'll forget all that if you turn out wid them to-morrow—an' why shouldn't you? There's a price on your head now."

"Is that so?"

"Haan't the government offered £100 for you, dead or alive? and haan't your uncle Luke added £50 to it?"

"The villain!" exclaimed Dan, grating his teeth. "He's worse than I thought he was. Didn't he say in my hearing that he wrung a will from my father

on his death-bed, and that he carried it with him in the breast-pocket of his coat?"

"Did he say that?" inquired Barney, his sharp grey eyes twinkling.

"He did."

"Well, good-night. I'll mate you at the cross-roads. Don't deceive me, Dan."

"Not if I know it," replied Dan. "Did I ever say a thing I didn't mean, and carry out?"

"Niver to my knowledge. The saints preserve us both."

With this Barney rapidly descended the ladder, and made his way out of the barn as quickly as possible.

Dan was once more left to his own reflections.

We may mention here that Barney had been specially sent to find out Dan, by Captain Moriarty, and the insurgent leaders.

They knew that, young as he was, his presence in the ranks of the patriots would inspirit the peasantry.

None of the gentry had joined the movement, and the mere fact of a Deering being with them would give them confidence.

At dusk, Mary O'Rourke brought Dan his supper, and asked him how he felt.

"I'm well myself, Molly dear," he replied; "but I'd feel better if you'd release me from my promise."

"Why should you?" she asked. "Isn't it for your own good I made you solemnly promise?"

"But you are an Irish girl, and you should think of your country."

"I do, Dan; and maybe because I'm a few years older than you, I think more."

"How?"

"If this movement of the patriots could do any good, I'd say to you, 'Go and shed the last drop of blood in your veins.'"

"Well?" he said, laconically.

"It's all no good. What can a handful of badly armed patriots do against thirty thousand disciplined British troops?"

"Are the Irish people to be slaves?" asked Dan.

"They are not so bad as that," answered Molly; "but—"

"Go and marry a red-coated dragoon, interrupted Dan, "and then you'll be happy."

Molly put her apron to her eyes and began to cry.

"Oh, Dan!" she said, reproachfully; "I didn't expect that from you; yet remember, I hold you to

your promise, and I'm sure when you come to sleep over it, you'll say I'm right."

With this she left him.

It was destined to be a day of surprises for Dan, who had scarcely thrown himself back on the hay again, to chaw the end of bitter reflection, than he fancied he perceived a light twinkling on the top of the ladder.

Sometimes he saw it, and at others it vanished. The night had now fallen. All was blank and dismal in the loft; and though not superstitious or easily frightened, Dan lay perfectly still, feeling a vague dread of this singular light.

At length Dan was satisfied that he heard a man breathing.

There was then some one coming up the ladder. Was it friend or foe?

A friend would have spoken, and certainly not made such a mystery about his movements.

Therefore Dan decided that some secret enemy was, for purposes of his own, entering the loft, and that the uncertain light which he had caught glimpses of, was a dark lantern, concealed under a portion of a man's coat.

Firmly grasping the stiek of wood, which was his only weapon, he got upon his feet, gently retired to the wall, against which he placed his foot, and put himself on the defensive.

The intruder on his privacy proceeded in a very cautious manner, and did not seem in a hurry to commence operations.

Having gained the top of the ladder, he stepped on to the board floor, and stood perfectly still for quite a while. He could hear nothing.

Apparently growing tired of inaction and uncertainty, he drew out his dark lantern, and flashed the light in Dan's direction.

The man's eye swept the barn.

A flood of light fell upon the boy, dazzling his eyes, and as his figure was revealed a cry of triumph broke from the lips of the intruder.

Though in the shadow, Dan saw the outline of his form, and, with a sinking of the heart, recognised Peter Mahoney.

The spy had tracked him to his lair.

Perhaps he had police and soldiers outside to tear him from his shelter and drag him ignominiously to Ennisfallon jail.

It was a moment of terrible suspense. For once in his life, Dublin Dan scarcely knew how to act.

(To be Continued.)





[DISGRACED AND DESERTED.]

## THE LADY OF THE ISLE.

### CHAPTER III.

PRESENTLY the bridal train proceeded up the aisle, and formed before the altar in something like the following order—the old Duchess of Graveminstor and Sir Park Morelle, leading the way, filed off to the extreme right; Lady Morelle and Lord Dazzleright, following, passed off to the left; next came the bride and bridegroom, who took their places in the centre; then their attendants, coming up in pairs, divided and formed on either side—the bridesmaids filling up the segment of the semicircle between the bride and her mother, and the groomsmen occupying the corresponding space between the bridegroom and his father-in-law.

The sun shining in rich, deep-toned glory through the gorgeously stained glass Gothic windows on either side the high altar, never fell upon a more imposing bridal circle.

There was the bridegroom, with his tall, well set, kingly form, and most noble head and face, full of conscious power, and wisdom, and protective love; and the bride, with her dark, bright, wondrous beauty and her matchless grace; and the stately bride-men and the fair bridesmaids—

“Each a queen by virtue of her breast and brow;”

and there were the dignified Sir Parke, the regal Lord Morelle, the haughty old Duchess of Graveminstor, and the splendid Lord Dazzleright.

And there within the altar rails before the aisle stood the venerable Bishop of Exeter, between two assistant clergymen. And all—congregation, companions, and officiating ministers, were regarding with looks of admiration, affection, or pride, the presence of the beautiful bride.

The Bishop opened the book; and every whisper was hushed, and every eye reverently dropped as the venerable prelate, in a solemn voice, pronounced the first words of the imposing ritual.

“Dearly beloved, we are gathered together, here in the sight of Him, and in the face of this company, to

join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony; which is commended of St. Paul to be honourable among all men; and therefore is not to be entered into unadvisedly or lightly; but reverently, discreetly, advisedly, soberly, and in the fear of the Lord. Into this holy state these two people present come now to be joined.”

“If any man can show just cause, why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace.”

The Bishop now made the usual solemn pause, during which not a breath seemed drawn in the silent church.

Though had any one been sufficiently near that ill-omened group in the shadowy corner pew, they might have caught the deep, hurried whisper of the woman:

“Attend you, Victoire—listen, then, my son.” And the hissing reply of the man:

“Yes, madam—but mon Dieu. I wait.”

Meanwhile the rite proceeded—the grave voice of the prelate was pronouncing the question:

“George Charles, wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after His ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honour and keep her in sickness and in health; and forsaking all others keep thee only unto her as long as ye both shall live?”

The Bishop paused.

And the bridegroom, fixing his eyes in unutterable love upon the downcast, beautiful face of his bride, in a deep, proud, tender voice, responded: “I will.” Then the same question being put to her, she lifted her large eyes for an instant to his, and a glow of ineffable devotion suffused her beautiful, dark face as she too breathed the same vow.

At the next question—“Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?”—Sir Parke Morelle stepped forward, took the hand of his daughter, and placed it in that of the Bishop, who transferred it to the hand of the bridegroom; Lord Montessor received the cherished gift reverently, tenderly, with a deep inclination of his noble head, and a thrilling pressure of his clasping hand.

Then followed the putting on of the ring, and then the prayers, the valedictory, and finally the nuptial benediction.

The imposing solemnities were over.

And friends gathered around with blessings; and then came in turn, the grave, earnest, tender, gay or

gallant forms of congratulations—as the officiating ministers, the father, mother, bridesmaids and bride-men pressed around with many kind wishes.

This occasioned some considerable delay, in the midst of which the ominous party in the dark corner pew might have been observed to steal out and retire from the church.

“Enough! enough!” at length smilingly said Sir Parke, sympathizing with the blushing embarrassment of the recipient of all these compliments, and taking her hand and placing it upon the arm of Lord Montessor, who drew it closely to his side, bowed around to his friends, and turned to lead his bride from the church—a performance more easily to be wished than accomplished; for the people were now pressing out of the pews, and the aisles were choked up with the crowd.

Thus their progress from the altar to the door was an alternate step and pause—a sort of stop-march. And thus a delay of more than half-an-hour intervened between the moment of their receiving the nuptial benediction, and that of their issuing from the church door. As the church, the yard was crowded with people of all classes, eager to see the bride pass.

The whole party, including the officiating Bishop and clergymen, were expected to return to Hyde Hall to partake of the wedding breakfast; after which, Lord and Lady Montessor were to set out for his lordship’s castle in Dorsetshire, where they intended to pass the honeymoon.

The churchyard was so crowded that it was with great difficulty and after much hindrance that Lord Montessor’s carriage could be driven up. And with his shrinking bride upon his arm, and her friends around, he waited before the church door, until it drew up, and one of the footmen alighted, let down the steps and opened the door.

His lordship then bowed to his friends, and was about to hand his lady into the carriage, when a policeman, pressing through the crowd, placed himself between the carriage door and the bridal pair, intercepting their further passage, while he respectfully inquired:

“Which of these ladies, here present, bears the name of Estelle L’Orient?”

“No lady here bears that name; stand out of the way, sir,” said Lord Montessor, haughtily, while Estelle, with a half-suppressed cry, lowered her veil and leaned heavily upon his arm.

“Let us pass, sir!” repeated his lordship, sternly.

"Pardon me, my lord, if in the discharge of my duty I cannot obey your lordship," answered the officer, who, in manners and address seemed much superior to his class.

"What mean you, then, sir?" gravely inquired Lord Montessor, while Estelle hid her face in the folds of her veil against his arm.

"My lord, I have a warrant here for the arrest of one Estelle L'Orient, and if I mistake not, this is the lady," said the officer, indicating the bride by a respectful inclination of his head towards her.

"Yes! Mon Dieu, that is the woman!" exclaimed a shrill voice, coming from the little old dark and shrivelled Frenchwoman, who stood at a short distance in the crowd.

"Eh! Mon Dieu, yes!—that is my woman;—that is my bride!—that is the wife of the felon!" exclaimed the vindictive-looking Frenchman by her side, gesticulating the while like a madman.

A crowd of astonished faces now pressed closely upon the group, around the carriage door, before which stood the policeman. And through this crowd, as one having authority, now came Park Morelle, inquiring in haughty displeasure:

"What is the meaning of this delay? Good people, give way. My lord, in the name of Heaven put Lady Montessor into the carriage, and drive on. Let us get out of this. Why Montessor! Estelle! what the fiend is the meaning of all this?" exclaimed the baronet, perceiving now for the first time by the pale, corrugated brow of the bridegroom, the shuddering form and hidden face of the bride, the resolute bearing of the policeman, and the horrified looks of the people, that something—he guessed not what—was fearfully wrong.

"What is the meaning of all this? Montessor, why do you not speak?" he asked, in an agitated voice—when, turning haughtily upon the policeman, he demanded:

"What is your business here?"

"Excuse me, Sir Park Morelle, I am here on duty."

"What duty, fellow?"

"I am charged with a warrant for the apprehension of one Estelle L'Orient."

"Whom?" frowningly demanded the baronet.

"One Estelle L'Orient—this lady."

"Out of the way, fellow. You are drunk, and richly deserve to be sent to prison. There is no such person here. Out of the way, I say, or I shall give you in charge," exclaimed the baronet, losing all patience.

"Pardon me, Sir Parke, but I must execute my warrant," persisted the man; then stepping forward, and laying his hand upon the shoulder of the bride, he said:

"Estelle L'Orient, I arrest you in the Queen's name; you are my prisoner."

"Sirrah!" thundered Sir Parke, striding forward and striking off from his daughter's shoulder the desecrating hand of the policeman; "are you frantic? Have you the least idea of what sacrilege means? Do you know what you are about?"

"Perfectly well, Sir Park Morelle. I am about to take this lady into custody," said the officer, approaching his prisoner.

"Begone, fellow, or by Heaven! mad or drunk, you shall dearly rue your mistake."

"Sir Park Morelle mistakes; but he will not resist her Majesty's warrant," said the man, drawing the instrument from his pocket; and, while the crowd pressed closer around in amazement and wonder, Sir Parke stood the picture of incredulous astonishment and rage; and Lord Montessor, with compressed lips, continued to support the form of Estelle, who now stood with clasped hands, white face, and stony eyes, gazing upon the figure of the Frenchman as upon that of a phantom raised from the dead. The policeman read the warrant.

**COUNTY OF DEVON.**—To the Constable of Hyde and all other peace-officers in the said county of Devon.

Forasmuch as Gabrielle L'Orient, widow, now in this said county, hath this day made information and complaint upon oath before me, George Bannerman, one of his Majesty's justices of the peace in the said county, on this Thursday of the first instant, at the parish church of the parish of Hyde, feloniously intermarried with George Charles, Lord Viscount Montessor, in and during the life of her husband, Victoire L'Orient, now living in these realms—these are, therefore, to command you, in her Majesty's name, forthwith to apprehend and bring before me, or some other of Her Majesty's justices of the peace in and of the said county, the body of the said Estelle L'Orient, to answer unto the said complaint, and to be further dealt with according to law. Herein fail you not at your peril. Given under my hand and seal, this first day of

May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and—

Signed, **GEORGE BANNERMAN.**

The officer finished the reading, folded the document, returned it to his breast coat pocket, and stood for a while waiting.

No one, who had not seen, could imagine the consternation that held the assembled crowd in a trance of breathless silence. Sir Parke Morelle was the first to break the fearful spell.

"Madam!" he said, striding up and confronting his wretched daughter, whose conscious looks were the most alarming features in the case, "why do you not speak? If this is a conspiracy expose it. Where is the wretch that has made this complaint?"

"Here, my lord! Behold me! I am that wretch. I depose—I witness, that Madam Estelle L'Orient is the wife of my son, Monsieur Victoire L'Orient," exclaimed the wicked-looking little Frenchwoman, whom Sir Parke now saw and recognized as the quondam governess of his daughter.

Beginning to perceive the truth, the baronet turned upon his child and inquired, in a tone of suppressed fury:

"Madam, answer! What foundation is there for this trumped-up story?"

"It is true," said the wretched Estelle, letting her arms fall by her side, and her chin drop upon her breast, with a look of utter despair.

"Do your duty, officer. Remove your prisoner. Take the feloness quickly out of my sight!" cried the baronet, nearly maddened by the shock that had so suddenly hurled his towering pride to the dust.

"Sir Parke! Sir Parke! in mercy, you will not abandon your child in her extremity," pleaded Lord Montessor.

"By all the demons, sir, she is no child of mine! I renounce the wife of Monsieur Victoire L'Orient," cried the baronet, striding away.

"Sir Parke, for the love of Him, look on her!" prayed Lord Montessor, laying his hand on the arm of the enraged father, and seeking to detain him.

"Release me, sir," thundered the baronet, breaking from his clasp; "my carriage there, sirrahs! Where is Lady Morelle? Let her ladyship be summoned."

"Lady Morelle has fainted, and has been conveyed into the church, sir," said the Duchess of Graveminstor, who had remained standing in an attitude of stern and solemn haughtiness.

Sir Parke left orders for his carriage to come up, and then strode off in the direction of the church.

Lord Montessor sought to reassure the deserted and despairing woman at his side.

"Estelle, dear, suffering one, take comfort; all that a Christian man may do for you, in your extremity, shall be done by me; rely on me; I will never fail you."

"Monsieur, the constable, look at that woman! She has no right to be on the arm of my lord. Do your duty! arrest her!" exclaimed the Frenchman, with vindictive haste.

"I fear I must not long delay, my lord," interrupted the policeman, respectfully.

"One moment, officer, if you please. Madam, for the love of the Saviour, sustain this poor, stricken one, until I send a clergyman to attend her. Estelle, dearest, I must, for your own sake, leave you now. I go to send you proper aid. I will see you again at the magistrate's—until then, farewell," said Lord Montessor, gently withdrawing his sustaining arm, and laying her upon the half-repellant, haughty bosom of the Duchess of Graveminstor.

"Heaven for ever bless you, my lord. Whatever becomes of poor Estelle, may He for ever love and bless you!" murmured the poor girl, waving him adieu.

Lord Montessor hastened into the church and into the vestry, where the Bishop and assistant clergymen were taking off their robes.

"My lord, what has happened?" exclaimed the venerable prelate, almost appalled by the pale and uggard countenance and hurried and anxious manner of his lordship; while the two assistant clergymen approached and looked the wonder they forbore to speak.

Lord Montessor hastily and briefly related all that had passed; together with the history of the wretched marriage into which Estelle, while a child at school, had been inveigled by the designing governess and her unprincipled son, with the account of the crime, trial, conviction, and transportation of Victoire, the long separation, and the final published report of his loss in the wreck of "Le Duc D'Anjou," three years since.

"The warrant for her arrest was issued by Sir George Bannerman, a bitter enemy of her father. He

must have taken the deposition and issued the warrant immediately after the marriage ceremony was concluded. He must have been on the premises for that purpose; for I saw his carriage leaving the church," said his lordship.

"I saw Sir George himself in the church," said the Reverend Mr. Oldfield, the elder of the two clergymen.

"In the church! then he witnessed the marriage, heard the solemn adjuration at its commencement, might have spoken, stopped the proceedings, and saved this most unhappy of ladies from her present misfortune! Any but a malignant enemy would have interfered to save her! The case will probably go to trial and come up at the next assizes; but there I am sure an action cannot be successfully sustained against her. And if the course of this magistrate has been as I suspect, that fact will be a powerful weapon in the hands of her counsel; and will also go far to hurt Sir George Bannerman himself from his seat on the bench. Meanwhile, however, the father of Estelle has abandoned her to her fate. I, unhappy, through my late relations to her, am disabled from directly protecting her, my known intervention would be far more likely to injure than to benefit her cause; and you, reverend sirs," continued his lordship, turning towards the two assistant clergymen, "you, Mr. Oldfield and Mr. Trevor, are friends of her family. Your age, holy calling, and position, all constitute the most proper and desirable persons to stand in the relation of protectors to this most unfortunate lady. Go with her to the magistrate's—will you not, sirs?"

The two ministers spoke together for an instant, and then Mr. Oldfield answered for both:

"Most willingly will we attend the lady, my lord; but had we not best object to a hearing before Sir George Bannerman, and demand that she be taken before some other and impartial justice of the peace?"

"Upon the whole, no sir; it will make little difference in the end, and I think it best that this man should be allowed to show his hand," said Lord Montessor; then tearing a leaf from a blank book on the table, writing a cheque for a thousand pounds on the bank of Exeter, and handing it to Mr. Oldfield, he continued: "Offer bail to any amount for her appearance at court; and then, Mr. Oldfield, I am sure that you will take this poor shorn lamb to your fold, put her under the care of your excellent lady, and bid her trust Heaven with the result."

"We will certainly do all that can possibly be done for this poor child in her extremity; but—put up your cheque, my dear lord, for though you are her truest friend, it is not expedient that this good office should emanate from you," said the venerable man.

"I believe you are right, sir; but what can be done, since her father abandons her?"

Again the two clergymen conversed apart, and then Mr. Trevor spoke:

"We are not bankers, my lord, it is true; but we can afford to risk some hundred pounds apiece."

"Risk, sir! There will be no risk—do you know Estelle, and imagine that she will not duly present herself for trial?"

"Certainly not—certainly not, my lord. The word was unhappily chosen. I meant merely that we might be held responsible for so much money."

"Go now, dear sirs, to that poor girl, lest the Duchess of Graveminstor think her ermine irretrievably tarnished by holding any longer that blighted head upon her bosom. I will meet you at the magistrate's."

"Use my carriage, if no other is provided, Oldfield; I will find a seat in Lord Montessor's, and be in attendance also," said the kind-hearted bishop, whose sympathies had been strongly moved. The reverend gentleman thanked the bishop, and left the church in search of their unhappy charge. On reaching the yard they found that every carriage, with the exception of that of Lord Montessor and that of the Bishop of Exeter, had left the scene. Yes—parents, friends, acquaintances, bridesmaids and bridesmen, all had fled the place as though the plague were there. The Duchess of Graveminstor had departed with the rest.

Estelle was left unsustained, leaning for support against the upright headstone of an humble grave, and guarded by the policeman.

The pitying clergyman approached her, laid his hand upon her bowed head, and gently said:

"Be not so utterly cast down, my child; raise your heart to Him who—when 'all forsook him and fled,' remained unshaken in his trust of his Father."

But the grief-stricken girl seemed not to hear, or see, or be in any way conscious of the presence of the speaker; she remained wrapped in her white robe and veil, leaning over the tombstone, perfectly mo-



tionless, and might have seemed some risen ghost or descended spirit standing at the grave.

"Come, come my child, look up, give me your hand, let me put you into the carriage; there are some necessary forms to be gone through, and then you are free; and you are to go home with me to Bloomingdale parsonage, for a visit, until your father feels better and comes for you, as he will."

But still she neither moved, nor spoke, and might have seemed less a woman, or a spirit, than some draped marble statue.

"Come, my lamb, come," pursued Mr. Oldfield, taking her cold and passive hand, drawing it within his arm, and leading her away.

Very docilely she suffered herself to be placed in the carriage, when Mr. Oldfield entered and took the seat beside her, and Mr. Trevor followed, and placed himself on the front cushion. The policeman mounted the box beside the coachman, and the carriage was driven off. Almost immediately after, the Bishop of Exeter and Lord Montessor entered the carriage of the latter, and followed on the same road.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE ARRESTED DAIDS.

A RAPID drive of an hour's length brought the party to Horsford, the seat of Sir George Bannerman, knight, the magistrate who had issued the warrant.

A winding avenue led from the highway to the hall.

On arriving before the main entrance, the foremost carriage drove up, and the footman sprang down from behind, opened the door and let down the steps, while the policeman got off the box and stood guard.

Mr. Oldfield alighted first, and handed out Estelle, who, pale as death, with her face still wrapped in her bridal veil, mechanically permitted herself to be conducted by her aged friend up the broad marble stairs leading into the hall.

They were preceded by the policeman, who knocked at the door, which was opened by a footman in attendance; while just within, the fat, gouty-looking porter, sat idly in his arm-chair, with gold spectacles on his nose, reading the "Times."

The policeman telegraphed to this dignitary, who, without leaving his seat, or raising his eyes from his paper, answered:

"In the library. Here, John, show this party up."

The footman who had admitted them, now came forward, indicated his forehead with his finger, by way of obeisance to the lady and the clergyman, beckoned the officer, and led the way up the broad oaken stairs to a long gallery above, at the extreme end of which was the door of the library, where the preliminary examination was to be conducted. Opening this door, the man announced:

"Plies an' prisoners y' honour," admitted them, closed the door, and retired.

The party found themselves in a rich, antique, and handsomely-furnished library, the walls of which were alternately lighted with stained glass gothic windows, and lined with richly wrought and well-filled book-cases.

At the upper extremity of this room, behind a long table, covered with a green cloth, sat Sir George Bannerman; on his right hand was his secretary, and near the end of the table, at the same side, were gathered Madame L'Orient, Monsieur Victoire, and a little French Abbe. Near the magistrate stood Lord Dazzleright.

As the venerable clergyman advanced, supporting his fragile charge, Sir George arose, gravely acknowledged their presence by a slight bow, and sat down again.

The officer preceding the party laid his warrant before the magistrate, and said:

"Here is the prisoner, your worship," bowed, and retired a step or two.

Sir George took up the document, and while he was looking over it in silence, the library door was once more opened, and

"His lordship, the Bishop of Exeter, and Lord Montessor, to attend the examination," were announced.

They entered gravely, bowed in silence to Sir George Bannerman, who acknowledged their salutation by a momentary lifting of his eyes and a nod, and then took their stand upon the side near Lord Dazzleright.

"Was this well done, Sir George Bannerman?" vehemently inquired Mr. Oldfield.

"To what do you allude, sir?" asked the knight, without lifting his glance from the document in his hand.

"I allude to the arrest of the lady."

"Reverend sir, one of your excellent judgment

should know that the law, no more than the gospel, is a 'respector of persons.'"

"Assuredly not, Sir George! but you were in the church at the time this illegal marriage took place; you heard the solemn adjuration of the Lord Bishop officiating, that—if any man there present knew cause why the contracting parties should not be joined in matrimony, he should then and there declare it. Sir, you sat there, with this unhappy lady's husband by your side, and heard this solemn adjuration, and you did not speak! But speedily after the accomplishment of the act, you issued the warrant for the lady's arrest. Sir George Bannerman, I ask you one more, was this act, on the part of a Christian, a gentleman, and a magistrate, well done?"

"Sir, a distinguished professor of the orthodox principles of human free agency like yourself, should understand that the law, no more than the gospel, interferes arbitrarily to prevent crime; that it can only judge and punish; but sir, we lose time; will you have the kindness to stand aside and let me see the prisoner?"

With a deep-drawn sigh, bearing to Heaven an earnest prayer for the despairing ope at his side, the good clergyman withdrew a step, and Estelle was left standing unsupported before the green table.

"Madam, will you be kind enough to unveil?" said the magistrate.

Estelle turned aside her veil, revealing a face so deathly in its hue that they who beheld it suddenly blanched in sympathy.

"Your name, madam, is Estelle L'Orient?"

She bowed assent.

The magistrate then took up the warrant for her arrest, read it aloud to her, replaced it on the table, and addressing her, said:

"Estelle L'Orient, you are herein charged, under oath, by Madame Gabrielle L'Orient, here present, with having this day, at the parish church of Hyde, in and during the life of your husband, Victoire L'Orient, now living in these realms, feloniously intermarried with George Charles, Viscount Montessor, said marriage constituting an act of bigamy, against the peace and dignity of the king's majesty, and punishable by transportation, according to the statute in such case made and provided. What have you to say to this charge?"

"Nothing here, sir; much perhaps hereafter," answered the deep plaintive voice of the accused.

"Sir George Bannerman," said Lord Dazzleright, coming to the side of the lady, "I stand here as the counsel of Lady Montessor, if she will accept my services, and I take exception to the question put to her as improper."

"Madam, do you retain Lord Dazzleright?" demanded the magistrate.

"I do, sir."

"You are then the counsel of Estelle L'Orient?"

"I am the counsel of Lady Montessor."

"Ah, my lord, do not breathe that stainless name here. I have no claim to it. Thank heaven for this, at least—that whatever happens, I can bring no reproach upon that honoured name, for it is not mine. I am poor Estelle L'Orient, and yonder man is really my owner," said the thrilling passionate voice of the lady, as she shuddered and averted her head.

"Hush, hush, my child. You must really keep silence, and permit me to conduct this case. I shall deny their charges ab initio and in toto, as we lawyers say. You are no more the legal wife of yonder vagrant than you are of—well let that pass. You are the Viscountess Montessor."

"Oh, no, no, no, great heaven, no, that sacred name—Lord Montessor's spotless name—must be kept holy from the sorrow and shame that is gathering darkly over that of poor Estelle L'Orient."

While this low and hurried conversation was going on between the counsel and his client, the magistrate sat back in his chair, waiting. Seeing them at length silent, he leaned forward and inquired of the counsel if they were ready to hear the charge.

"We are ready," replied Lord Dazzleright.

"Then I will proceed to call the witnesses—Madame Gabrielle L'Orient will please to take the stand."

(To be Continued.)

THE UNITED STATES SKATE TRADE.—It was not many years ago when all the skates used in the United States came from abroad, chiefly from Germany, and the German skate importation was a lucrative branch of trade. Of late this has almost entirely ceased. The Americans make their own skates now, and, oddly enough, the announcement is made that one of their leading skate factories, the Northampton Skate Company, in Massachusetts, is filling orders for nickel-plated skates to be sent to Germany.

## RICHARD PEMBERTON;

—OR—

### THE SELF-MADE JUDGE.

#### CHAPTER XLIV.

FALCONER bore his bride towards the little cart. But Richard Pemberton overtook him, clapped his strong hand upon his shoulder, wheeled him round, and said:

"See here—I bore with your insolence just now, because I did not choose to permit a disturbance in the church! We are outside now, and I command you to release my daughter, for if I have to force you to do it, you shall suffer the utmost consequence of your outrage."

"Never! She is my wife. Off, sir, I say, or do you take the consequences," exclaimed Falconer, and still holding Maud in a tight grip with his left arm.

"Oh, Falconer," shrieked Maud, and she fainted away.

Richard Pemberton instantly closed upon him, and having both hands free, soon over-mastered him, just as an officer reaching the spot, arrested Falconer O'Donovan.

Richard Pemberton bore his daughter into the vestry room, where prompt assistance being rendered she soon recovered. Mr. Lovel was present, looking very anxious.

"Is the carriage from the Hall here, sir," inquired Mr. Pemberton.

"It is, sir. We came in it," answered Mr. Lovel.

"In that case I will enter it, and return at once to the Hall with my daughter. I will send it back for you and Lucy. It shall be here by the close of the morning service."

"Do not trouble yourself, Mr. Pemberton; we can easily remain in the village until evening, and dine at the hotel."

"By no means. You shall have the carriage in time, and must join me as soon as possible."

"Very well, then; as you please; in the meantime I shall endeavour to hold my curiosity in check until you can give me the explanation of this strange piece of family history."

"My dear Lovel, the true greatness of human life is almost always out of sight. I can say the real romance of life is often quite as invisible. If we knew the life history of the common-place people about us how very much the reverse of common-place they might seem. But more of this another time."

"Shall I call the carriage for you?"

"I thank you—if you please."

Mr. Lovel went out, and Richard Pemberton leading his feeble, pale and trembling child, followed. The carriage drew up to the door, Mr. Pemberton placed Maud in, and was about to follow her when he paused, drew Mr. Lovel aside, and asked:

"What has been done with that madman?"

"O'Donovan? He is taken into custody."

"Get him set at liberty immediately, Lovel. Nonsense. Get him liberated instantly, poor moon-struck fellow. I shall not appear against him. Come; can I depend upon you? Will you attend to it?"

"Yes, after morning service. There is no time now."

"Very well; thank you. Good morning," said Richard Pemberton, getting into the carriage and giving the order for it to move.

Maud was sobbing softly in the corner of the back seat. Mr. Pemberton watched her in silence for a time, and then gently took her hand, and said:

"Why do you weep, my dear child?"

But Maud only shook her head and sobbed the more.

"Can you not trust in me, my love?"

But Maud only pressed the hand that held hers—she could not speak.

"Is it about this young O'Donovan that you grieve, my dear?"

Maud pressed his hand, and nodded with a suffocating sob.

"Now come—trust in me, and dry your tears, my dear. I would not for the world signalise our meeting by any unnecessary act to give you pain. In some respects I am not much like other men, dear Maud. I do not pronounce an irrevocable sentence of separation between yourself and your young lover."

Maud started, clasped his hand convulsively, and passed it to her lips.

"Certainly not, my dear. I do not banish him. First let him deserve my Maud, and he shall have

her. If his affection for her is a high and holy sentiment it will make him worthy of her. Come, now, I wonder why you weep. What is it you want? Tell me."

"Oh, sir, I want—I want to go back to Falconer. I only want to see how he is, and say a word to him, and take leave of him kindly, as I ought. I, who have been his comforter ever since we were children. Oh, I know he is so wretched at this moment. Yes, there beats no heart on earth so miserable as his at this moment. Oh, sir, let us turn back and say a kind word to him."

"It may not be, my child. It would do no good, but rather harm. He does not want words. All he wants now is my Maud, and he cannot have her yet. He must conquer himself—he must change—he must deserve her before he gets her."

"Oh, sir, if you did but know him—how much he needs soothing kindness—how impetuous he is—how wild, how ungovernable he is—how often unhappy—how much he needs me—he has been used to me all his life—he cannot do without me! Oh, I know he cannot—poor Falconer, I know he will—he will be ill—I am sure he will be ill. Oh, sir, let us go back and see him."

"It cannot be, my love! You must trust in your father's judgment, little one. This young man's furious passions must be left to rage themselves quiet, and then his reason will act. He will suffer, doubtless, but then it is only through suffering that such natures as his can be corrected. Cheer up, my dear girl—do not quarrel with the discipline of life. If he had only come to be kind to him, poor boy, to comfort and cheer him as I used to. If he were not so utterly alone—so desolate. No mother—no sister—no one to care for him. Oh, poor boy, if he had only someone to be kind to him."

"I will care for him. I will be kind to him if he will let me. Do not fear, my dear child, I shall not lose sight of him. I will endeavour to do far better for him than he or you could hope. Come now, dry those sweet eyes. Cheer up, and let me see you smile. Think of the mother you are about to meet. Oh, she has sent you so many loving messages; she says that she is not surprised at all; that she has ever felt you were her child, though she never knew it."

"And it does not seem so strange to me either. Was she—was Mrs. Pemberton?" Maud suddenly paused and flushed with joy, as she said: "Was my mother quite well?"

"Quite well, my dearest girl, and she will join us at Coverdale Hall very soon."

"And I am her lost Maud—how strange. I ought to be very much surprised, and yet I am not."

"I think, my love, that the ties of blood were so strong in our case that we all felt an incomprehensible unacknowledged attraction to each other."

"Yes, yes, yes, sir," said Maud, softly, to herself, and then sank into a silence that her father would not interrupt.

When they reached Coverdale Hall, and the carriage drew up before the door, Richard Pemberton alighted, handed his daughter out, and pausing a moment while he held her hand, said:

"This is your home, my darling. Come to my heart and hearth. Welcome." And he embraced her and led her up the stairs.

"Mrs. Pemberton has arrived, sir," said the servant, who attended the door.

"Oh, indeed. How long since?" asked Mr. Pemberton, with surprise and delight.

"Only this moment, sir; she has retired to her chamber."

"My darling, where shall I leave you for a moment," asked Mr. Pemberton, turning to his daughter, then opening the door of the drawing-room on the right hand side of the hall, and seeing a fine fire burning in the grate, he led her thither, drew forward a deep soft chair, and placed her in it, saying, "Remain here, my dear—I will seek your mother," and he left the room.

He hastened upstairs to Mrs. Pemberton's apartments, and found the lady seated in a lounging chair, leaning nearly back, and under the hands of her maids, one of whom was removing her bonnet and veil, and the other kneeling at her feet, taking off her fur over-shoes. At the sight of her husband all signs of weariness fled, and the lady started up to meet him, eagerly inquiring:

"Have you seen her? Is she well? Have you brought her?"

"Yes, dear, I have seen her and brought her thither, and she is well. She awaits you in the drawing-room."

"Betty and Tilda, leave the room—I do not need your assistance," said the lady to her attendants, then turning to her husband as they left the room, she said: "Oh! bring her hither immediately, Mr. Pemberton, I do so long to embrace her."

"Compose yourself, it is unusual for you to be so excited."

"It is an unusual occasion."

"You followed me very quickly."

"Yes, poor Norah breathed her last the morning after you left, and within an hour after her death, I left town."

"And Honoria and Percival?"

"They are at the hotel; Letty is with them."

"Letty is in her usual health and spirits?"

"Oh certainly. Oh, do go and bring my daughter hither."

"Be cool, love, I tell you excitement is always enfeebling, if it be not a sign of original feebleness. I am going to bring her now," said Richard Pemberton, turning to go downstairs.

"I wonder what could move him," said the lady, just a little impatiently, as she walked up and down the floor.

The door opened, and Richard Pemberton re-entered, leading Maud.

The lady stopped in her walk, and turned round. There she came, the long-lost child; the beautiful maiden, ay, more beautiful than even the mother's fancy had ever pictured her. There she came with her eyes seeking her mother.

Their eyes met, they did not rush into each other's arms; their emotion was far too real, too deep, and the maiden's feelings too awful for that. Their eyes were fixed upon each other, their faces instinct with emotion; they approached each other slowly, and met in a silent, close embrace.

And then the soft sound of smothered sobbing was heard. Richard Pemberton went to the window and looked out, wondering why women wept at everything—at what they were glad as well as what they were sorry for—and wiped his own eyes.

After a little while Mrs. Pemberton led her daughter to a sofa, and they both sat down. The lady held the maiden's hand, gazed in her lovely face until her snowy eyelids fell over the sweet blue eyes, her soft skin suffused with a rosy blush, and she grew lovelier than ever.

Then the lady raised her hand and looked at its exquisite beauty. She next took off her little black bonnet and set free her long, bright ringlets—those peerless ringlets of that rare, rich hue between the golden and the auburn, which the old classic painters loved so well.

She is perfect, she is perfect, was the verdict of the lady's judgment. Then she thought, with a transient swell of pride of the sensation, of the wonder this matchless beauty would have created in the circles of Paris and Vienna, at any of the courts at which she herself had resided in the last seven years.

But the next instant the sinful pride was suppressed, and she only felt that this was her own dear child, her good and loving Maud, and with a silent, hidden, restrained rapture, she drew and pressed her to her bosom; and all this time they had not spoken a word to each other.

(To be Continued.)

A CONCRETE WALL.—The United States Government has built a concrete wall at Minneapolis, Minn., for the protection of St. Anthony's Falls. The wall, which cost 900,000 dollars, is 1,875 feet long, 40 feet high, 7 feet wide at the base, and 4 feet at the top.

## THE FORREST HOUSE; OR, EVERARD'S REPENTANCE.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### COMMENCEMENT.

It was nearly a year since they had seen Everard, and Bee and Rossie were struck at once with the great change in his personal appearance, while even the judge noticed how thin and pale he was, but attributed it naturally to hard study. Fresh air and exercise at home would soon make that all right, he thought, and so dismissed it from his mind. But Beatrice and Rosamond both saw more than the thin face, which had grown so pale and troubled.

They saw that Everard's hat was the same worn the year before when he was at home; saw that his pants were shining about the knees, and his coat shining and worn about the sleeves, while his boots were carefully patched. Once he had been the best

and most fashionably-dressed young man in college, but he was far from that now, though he was scrupulously neat and clean, and looked every whit a gentleman as he walked with the young ladies down the shaded street and tried to seem natural, and answer gaily to Beatrice's light badinage and Rossie's quaint remarks.

But it was up-hill business, for how could he be happy, or even seem to be, when he knew that just a mile away Jossey would soon be watching for and expecting him to pass a part of the evening, at least, with her.

What if she should take it into her head to come to town and hunt him up, and find him there with his friends? What could he say or do, and what would they think of her? It made him faint and sick just to imagine Beatrice weighing Josephine as she would weigh her, and discovering more than the enormity of cotton lace and cheap jewellery, while Rossie—he could not do so to himself why he shrank so nervously from having her clear, honest eyes scan Josephine Fleming, as he knew they would do.

I am well aware that to my reader Everard must appear cowardly and weak, but I do not claim anything like perfection for him; he was cowardly and weak, and had hugged his secret so long, and magnified it to such an extent, that it seemed tenfold harder to divulge it now than it had done two years ago when he made the fatal misstep.

A thing concealed always grows, and though Everard felt that the story of his deception must be written on his face, and wondered people did not detect it, he would almost rather have died than to tell it himself, until absolutely compelled by circumstances to do so.

It was very pleasant there in that large, quiet house and the people made his friends very welcome, and treated them to such a tea as only an English housewife can or does get up. There were flaky biscuits, and little pats of new sweet butter stamped with a rare pattern, and churned that very morning under the cool shade of the button-wood tree at the rear of the house.

There were red raspberries, and black-caps, and honey in the comb; there were cheese and pithers of thick cream from the dairy, and crisp radishes from the garden, and thin slices of cold ham, and outcuds with jam in the bottom of the glass, and sponge cake in such large pieces as made Rosamond's heart bound, for sponge cake was her weakness, and indeed on this occasion everything on the table seemed to be her weakness, and she enjoyed her supper with a tired hungry girl's keen relish after a long and fatiguing journey.

When it was over, Everard took his father through the town and introduced him to some of the professors, and then, as the twilight began to fall, asked to be excused a short time, as he had an engagement to call upon a friend; so his father returned alone to his lodgings, and Everard started in a rapid walk towards Mrs. Everard's. He did not know the lady personally, but he knew of her, and where she lived, and was soon at her gate, where he paused a moment in some surprise at the sounds of talking and laughter which greeted his ears.

The parlour was lighted up, and through the open windows he caught a glimpse of Josephine, fair and lovely, in pure white, with only a bit of honeysuckle at her throat and in her hair, which fell like a golden shower upon her neck, and gave her a very youthful appearance.

Gathered around her were four young men, juniors and butterflies, each striving for the preference, and each saying some soft thing to her, at which she laughed so prettily and coquettishly that their zeal and admiration were increased tenfold.

"How did these puppies know her?" Everard asked himself, as he leaned against the gate; then he remembered having heard that one of them had spent a little time in Holburt, and probably he was in the habit of going there occasionally, and had taken the others with him; or, she might have met them at the different places where she visited.

At all events she seemed to know them well, and they were in the full tide of flattery and mirth, when his ring broke the spell, and he was ushered into the parlour.

"Oh, I am so glad to see you!" Jossey exclaimed, coming gracefully forward, and giving him both her hands, an act which was noted by the juniors and butterflies, and mentally resented.

What business had that grave, dignified Forrest there, and why should Miss Fleming greet him so cordially, and where did she know him anyway? They had heard he was very wealthy, and that he once was very fast and wild, but something had changed him entirely, and transformed him into a sober, reticent, and, as they believed, very proud



and stingy young man, whose perfectly correct behaviour was a living rebuke to themselves.

He was not popular with their set, and they showed it in their faces, and pulled at their cravats, and fingered the bouquets in their button-holes, and stood round awkwardly, while he talked with Josey, and asked her of her journey, and her mother and Agnes, and answered her questions about the exercises the next day, and the best place for her to sit.

"Oh, we will arrange that; we will see that you have a good seat," the juniors and butterflies echoed in chorus, and with a slight sneer perceptible to Josey on his face, Everard said to her:

"I do not see as there is any chance for me to offer you any attention, you seem so well provided for."

Josey bit her lip with vexation, for though she was delighted to have so many admirers at her side, she would far rather have been cared for particularly by this husband of whom she was beginning to be a good deal afraid.

He was so greatly changed that she could not understand him at all or guess what was passing in his mind, and when at last he rose to go she said to him almost beseechingly:

"I hope I shall see you to-morrow."

"Possibly, though I shall be very busy," was his reply, and just then one of the juniors said to him:

"By the way, Forrest, who is that fine-looking, elderly gentleman I saw with you this evening? Your father?"

"Yes, my father," Everard replied, feeling a desire to throttle the young man, and glancing involuntarily at Josephine, over whom a curious change had come.

There was a blood red speck on her cheeks, and an unnatural glitter in her eyes, as she said to the quartette around her:

"Excuse me a moment. I have just thought of something which I particularly wish to say to Mr. Forrest."

The next moment she stood in the hall with him, and was saying to him rapidly and excitedly: "Your father is here, and you did not tell me. I don't like it. I wish to see him—wish him to see me, and you must introduce me at the reception to-night. I intend to be there."

"Very well," was all Everard said, but he felt as if a band of iron was drawn around his heart as he went back to Beatrice and Rossie, who were waiting for him, and who noticed at once the worried look upon his face, and wondered a little at it.

Had anything happened to disquiet him, that he should seem so absent-minded and disturbed? Rossie was the first to reach a solution of the mystery, and when at his request Beatrice seated herself at the piano and began to play, she stole up to him, and whispered very low:

"Have you seen Joe Fleming to-night?"

"Yes," was his reply, and Rossie's wise little nod said plainly, "I guessed as much."

In her mind every trouble or perplexity which came to Everard had something to do with the mysterious Joe Fleming, though in what way she could not guess. She only knew that it was so, and she felt an increased desire to see this bete noir of Mr. Everard's, and give him verbally a piece of her mind.

"And perhaps I shall have a chance to-morrow night at the reception. It will be just like his impudence to be there," she thought, when at last she laid her tired head upon her pillow, hoping very much it would not ache, but feeling that it ought to after the supper she had eaten.

And it did, and poor Rossie looked very pale, and haggard, and sorrowful when she came down to breakfast the next morning, and not even the raspberry short-cake, with rich, sweet cream, could tempt her to eat. She was accustomed to the headache, and knew that this one would be worse before it was better, but she fought the pain back bravely, and said she should go any way, and hear the valedictory.

It was comparatively early when she and Beatrice entered the church, which, even at that hour, was densely packed. But good seats were found for them, and Rossie sat all through the exercises and listened breathlessly to Mr. Everard's oration, and thought him perfectly splendid, and threw him a bouquet, and wondered who the beautiful lady was who stood up on tiptoe to cheer him, and who seemed so desirous that her bouquet of pansies and rose geraniums should reach him in safety.

Rossie had not seen her till she rose to her feet across the church; but in the golden hair and large blue eyes there was something familiar, but she did not think of associating her with the picture

seen two years before, much less did she connect her in any way with Joe Fleming.

She only thought her a very beautiful woman, almost as handsome in fact as Beatrice, who looked so fair, and lovely, and refined, as she too, sat watching the young valedictorian with an increase of colour in her cheeks, and a look of pride in her soft, hazel eyes.

Beatrice did not see the lady on tiptoe, but she saw the bouquet of pansies which fell at Everard's feet, where he seemed disposed to let it lie, until a boy picked it up and handed it to him. It was a very pretty bouquet, and the pansies showed well against the background of green, but Beatrice little guessed how faint and sick the young man felt as he held them with the flowers Rossie had thrown. These he had picked up himself, and smiled pleasantly upon the young girl, whose pride and satisfaction shone in her brilliant eyes, and whose face was almost as white as the dress she wore.

For Rossie was growing sick very fast, and when the exercises were fairly over she could not even wait to speak to Everard, but hurried with Beatrice to her room, where she went directly to bed, while Beatrice bound up her aching head in towels soaked in ice water, and then sat down beside her.

The reception was, of course, given up, but Rossie saw Everard a moment when he came, and told him how proud she was of him, that he was the very best looking man on the stage, and the smartest; and that she heard several complimentary speeches among the crowd.

He had one of her flowers in his button-hole, and that reminded her of the pansies, and she asked who the lady was who threw them, and stood up so long.

"Everybody looked at her," she said, "but she did not seem at all conscious of it. She saw only you, and her eyes were just lovely when you took the pansies from the boy. Who was she, Mr. Everard?"

"How am I expected to know every fair lady who honoured me," Everard said, laughingly. "However, I think the person you mean is a lady from out of town who probably thought it a proper thing to notice the valedictorian, but I don't care half as much for her pansies as I do for Rossie's roses; they are exquisite, and I am wearing one now, you see."

Everard's spirits were much lighter now than they had been in the morning, but when he remembered what had lightened them, he felt himself a very brute and monster, for it was nothing less than the sight of Rossie's pale, sick face, and the knowing that she would not attend the reception, or Beatrice either, for the latter insisted that she should stay with the little girl, and said she was only too glad to do so, for she did not care a fig for the people she should meet, and would meet, and would much rather remain at home with Rossie.

So that matter was settled, somewhat to the annoyance of the judge, who would far rather have taken the young ladies with him, and especially would he have liked to show Beatrice to the college people in the full splendour of her evening dress, for in his heart he had said that she was to be his daughter, and he was very proud of her, and went rather unwillingly without her to the mayor's house, where the reception was to be given.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### THE RECEPTION.

It was very much like all Commencement receptions, a rather stupid affair, with a great many more gentlemen than ladies. Indeed, there were present but very few of the latter, and these mostly the wives and daughters of the professors, with any guests who chanced to be visiting them, so that when Josephine entered the room, in her flowing robes of white, with her beautiful hair falling down her back, she created a great sensation.

How she obtained an invitation to the reception it would be difficult to tell, but obtained it she had, and had spent three full hours over the toilet, which, when completed, was a masterpiece of grace and girlish simplicity. White tulle, which fitted her perfectly, and left bare just enough of her white neck and arms to be becoming, and let one see how soft and fair was the flesh half hidden, half exposed.

Clusters of pansies looped up the overdress, and formed her shoulder-knots, while a branch of the same flower, mingled with the sweet mignonette, was fastened at her throat, and around her neck was suspended a fanciful turquoise locket, set with a few small pearls.

Everything about her, though not very costly, was in perfect taste, and she looked so charming, so fresh, so cool and lovely, when she entered the hot

parlour, accompanied by one of the seniors, who was her escort, that the assembled guests held their breath for a moment to look at her; then those of the gentlemen who knew her—and there were a dozen or more of them—pressed eagerly forward, each ambitious to speak with her and pay her some attention.

Everard was standing by his father and the mayor when she came in, and at sight of her, as she came slowly towards him, smiling sweetly upon this one and that one, and bearing herself so royally, he felt just for an instant a thrill of something like pride in her.

But when he remembered that this beauty, and grace, and sweetness, and seeming innocence of manner, was all there was of the woman—that her manner was studied and practised daily, even to the smile on her lips and the expression of her eyes, he turned from her with a feeling of disgust, but glanced nervously at his father to see what effect this marvel of beauty would have upon him.

Judge Forrest saw her, and stopped a moment in the midst of something he was saying to the mayor to look at her; then, moved by one of those unaccountable prejudices which one sometimes takes against a stranger without knowing why, he turned his back and resumed his interrupted conversation. And so he did not see young Allen, her attendant, when he presented her to Everard as one whom she had never met.

There was a comical gleam in Josey's eyes, and Everard's face was scarlet as he said:

"I have the pleasure of knowing Miss Fleming, I believe; we do not need an introduction."

"Oh!" and the green-eyed monster, jealousy, instantly took possession of young Allen, who was desperately in love with this angel in tulle and pansies.

Seeing an opening in the crowd he tried to pass on; but Josey had no intention of leaving that locality, and, as soon as she could, she disengaged herself from him, and standing close to Everard, said in a low tone:

"Present me to your father."

He had no alternative but to obey, and in a few moments Josey's great blue eyes were looking up coyly and deferentially at the stern old judge, and, a few moments later, Josey's white arm was linked in his, and he was leading her toward an open space and window, where it was cooler, and the crowd was not so great.

"It was so warm and close, and she felt so tired and faint; would Judge Forrest mind taking her over there near the conservatory, where it surely must be more comfortable?" she had said, after talking to him a little while, and poor Allen, chagrined and indignant, went off and left her to her new acquaintance.

And so the judge gave her his arm and piloted her to the deep window, where she got between him and the people, and compelled him to stand and listen, while she talked in her most flattering strain, telling him how glad she was to meet him, she had heard so much of him from his son, who sometimes visited at her mother's, and how much he was like what she had fancied him to be from Everard's description, only so much more youthful looking.

If there was anything the judge detested, it was for an old man to look younger than his years. It was in some sense a living lie, he thought, and he abominated anything like deception. So when Josephine spoke of his youthful appearance, he answered gruffly:

"I am sixty, and look every day of it. If I thought I didn't, I'd proclaim it aloud, for I hate deception of any kind."

"Yes, I should know you did, and there we agree perfectly," Josephine replied, and she leaned a little more heavily upon his arm, and made what Agnes called her eyes at him, and asked him to hold her fan while she buttoned her glove, and asked him about the country as it was before the war, and wished so much that she could have seen it in its glory.

"Do you know," and she spoke very low and confidently, and looked straight up into his face, "It's very naughty in me, I admit, and I a native girl, too, but at heart I believe I'm a bit of a rebel, and though, of course, I was very young when the war broke out, and didn't quite know what it was about, I secretly sympathised with you, and held a little jubilee by myself when I heard of a victory. Do you think me a traitor?" and she smiled sweetly into the face which never relaxed a muscle, but was cold and frigid as ice.

Judge Forrest was, to his heart's core, a lover of his country, and had sympathised with his people during the war because they were his people, but he had great respect for the enemy, and had been

horn there would have been just as strong a partisan as he was now opposed, so, instead of thinking more highly of Miss Josey for her rebel sentiments, he thought the less of her, and answered rather rebukingly, "Young woman, I do not quite believe you know all that word traitor implies; if you did, you wouldn't voluntarily apply it to yourself."

"No, perhaps not. I'm a foolish, silly girl, I know," Josey answered him so humbly, while great tears swam in her great blue eyes, but produced no effect upon the judge.

Indeed, he scarcely saw them, he was so intent upon ridding himself of this piece of affection and vulgarity, as he mentally pronounced her, so it was all in vain that she practised upon him the little coquetries which she was wont to play off on other men with more or less success.

He did not care for her innocence, nor her pretty pretence of ignorance of the world, nor timidity nor shyness, nor love of books and poetry, nor admiration of himself, for she tried all these, one after another, and felt herself growing angry with this man who stood so unmoved before her and seemed only anxious to get away. She had made no impression on him whatever, at least no good impression, and she knew it and resolved upon one final effort.

He might be reached through his son, and so she mentioned Everard, and complimented his oration, and told how high he stood in the estimation of the professors, and what an exemplary young man he was, and ended by saying, "You must be very proud of him, are you not?"

Here was a direct question, but the judge did not answer it. There was beginning to dawn upon him a suspicion that this girl, whose free, flippant manner he so much disliked, was more interested in his son than in him, and if so, possibly, his son was interested in her. At all events he meant to know the extent of their acquaintance, and instead of answering her question, he asked:

"Have you known my son long?"

Here was a place where Josey thought the truth would answer better than equivocation, and she told him that Everard had boarded with her mother a few weeks three years ago.

"You remember," she said, "he spent his long vacation east, and a part of it in Holburton, where we live. Perhaps you may have heard him speak of my mother?" and here she gave the impression that Mrs. Fleming had not always kept boarders, but had once occupied a very different position in town. "She knew your wife well, and was at your wedding, though you would not remember her, of course, among so many strangers."

The judge did not remember her, nor could he recall the name as one which he had ever heard, but he did not think of doubting Josey's word, and never suspected that though Josey's mother had been present at his bridal it was as a former servant in the Bigelow family; he only knew that if she had been forty times at his wedding and the most intimate friend of his wife, he did not like her daughter, and he greeted with rapture the young man who at last appeared and took her off his hands.

Her attempt at being "sweet on him," as she termed it, had signally failed, and she felt intensely chagrined and mortified and disappointed, for she began to understand how difficult it would be for Everard to confess his marriage, and to fear the consequences if he did tell.

A tolerably skilful reader of human nature she saw pretty well what kind of man Judge Forrest was and felt that Everard had not misrepresented him. She saw, too, that he had conceived a dislike to herself and began to dread the result should he know that she was his daughter-in-law.

Disinheritance of Everard might follow, and then farewell to her dream of wealth, and luxury, and position.

It is true that the latter would be hers to a certain extent, for the wife of Everard Forrest would always take precedence of Josephine Fleming, but Josey believed that she liked what money would bring her better than position, and perhaps it would be well to keep quiet a while longer, provided her rapidly increasing wants were supplied.

In this conclusion she was greatly strengthened when, the morning following the reception, Everard came for a few moments to see her and escort her to her train, for she was to leave that morning for home.

Between Everard and his father there had been a little conversation touching Miss Josey, and not very complimentary to her either.

"Who was that bold, brazen-faced girl you introduced to me?" the judge had asked, and Everard replied:

"Do you mean that blonde in white? That is Miss

Fleming from Holburton. She is called beautiful."

"Umph! looks well enough for that matter, but I do not like her. She is quite too forward and familiar, and affected. All made up for effect. There's nothing real about her, but her brass and vulgarity. And you boarded there, it seems, and knew her well?" the judge said, testily, and, painfully confused, Everard stammered out that he did board with Mrs. Fleming, and had found Josephine a very agreeable young lady.

He must say so much in defence of the girl who was his wife, but it seemed to vex his father, who, sure that his son cared something for the blue-eyed blonde, began to lose his temper, and said he should think very little of a young man who could find anything agreeable in that girl!

"Why, she's no modest or womanly delicacy at all, or she would not try to attract as she does with her eyes, and her hands, and her fan, and her naked arms, and the Lord only knows what. You are no son of mine if you can find pleasure in the society of such women as she represents. Why, she is as unlike Beatrice and Rosalie as darkness is unlike daylight."

This was the judge's verdict, and Everard felt his chain cutting deeper and deeper into his heart as he thought he never could acknowledge the marriage now, and found himself wondering if in case his body were found some morning in the river near his father's house, a verdict of accidental drowning would be returned.

He never slept a wink that summer night, and the morning found him pale, and haggard, and spiritless as he walked down the road in the direction of Mrs. Everts'. Josey was waiting for him and ready for the train. She had not told any of her numerous admirers that she expected to leave that morning, as she wished to see Everard alone, and knew this would be impossible if her intentions were known.

She was neither pale, nor fagged, nor tired-looking, though she, too, had passed a sleepless night, but her complexion was just as soft, and creamy, and smooth, and her eyes just as bright and melting as she welcomed her husband, and laying her hand on his, said to him:

"You are going with your father, I suppose? How long before I can come, too?"

There was a sudden lifting of the hand to his head, as if he had been struck, and Everard staggered a little back from her, as he replied:

"Come to Forrest House? I don't know. I am afraid that will never be while father lives."

"Yes; I saw he took a great dislike to me, and probably he has been airing his opinion of me to you," she said, tartly. Then, as Everard did not speak, she continued:

"Tell me, what has he said of me?"

"Why should he say anything of you to me? He knows nothing," Everard asked, and Josephine replied:

"I don't know why. I only know he has; so out with it. I insist upon knowing the worst. What did he say? Tell me."

There was a hard ring in her voice, which Agnes knew well, but which Everard had never heard before, and a look in her eyes before which he quailed, and after a moment, during which she twice repeated:

"Tell me what he said," he answered her:

"I would rather not tell you, Josey, for I have no wish to wound you unnecessarily, and what father said was not complimentary."

"I know that. I know he hated me, but I insist upon knowing just what he said, and all he said," Josey cried passionately, for she, who seldom lost her temper, except with Agnes, was beginning to lose it now.

"If you will insist I must tell you, I suppose," Everard said, "but remember that father's prejudices are sometimes unfounded."

He meant to soften it to her as much as possible, but he told her the truth, and Josey was conscious of a keener pang of mortification than she has ever felt before.

She had meant to win the judge just as she won all men when she tried, but she had failed utterly. He disliked and despised her, and if he knew she was his son's wife he might go any length to be rid of her, even to the attempting a divorce.

Once, when sorely pressed, Agnes had suggested that idea as something which might occur to Everard, and she said:

"You know that under the circumstances he could get one easily."

Josephine felt that he could, too, but she had faith in Everard that he would not bring this publicity upon himself and her—he must have some lingering regard for her and her beauty still, but his father was quite another sort of person.

She was afraid of him, and what he might do if roused to action as a knowledge of the marriage would rouse him. He must not know of it at present, and though she had intended to make Everard acknowledge her as soon as he was graduated and settled at home she changed her mind suddenly, and was now almost as anxious to keep the secret as Everard himself.

I am greatly obliged to your father for his opinion of me," she said, when she could command herself to speak. "He is the first man I ever failed to please when I really tried to do so, and I did try hard to make an impression, but it was all a waste of words; he is drier and stiffer than an old powder-horn and only thought me flippant, and bold, and vulgar, too, I dare say, though you did not use that word. I don't like your father, Everard, and I am free to say so, though, of course, I mean no blame to you."

And here she began to be very soft and coaxing in her manner, for she could not afford to quarrel with her husband on his father's account. It was for her interest to be on friendly terms at least with Everard, and she continued:

"I am glad I have met him, for I understand the situation perfectly, and know just how you shrink from letting him know our secret. I hoped that now you are through college you would take me home as soon as you were settled at your law studies in your father's office, but I am convinced that to announce your marriage with me at present would be disastrous to your future; so we must wait still longer, hoping, Micawberlike, that something will turn up."

She spoke very cheerfully, and her hand was on Everard's and her eyes were wearing their sweetest expression as she added:

"But you will write to me often, won't you, and try to love me again as you did once before that night, which I wish had never been for your sake, because I know you are sorry."

He did not say he was not; he did not say anything, but the shadow lifted from his face, and his heart gave a great bound when he heard from her own lips that she should not urge her claim upon him at once.

He had feared this with such fear as a freed slave has of a return to his chains, and now that he was to have a little longer respite—a chance of comparative quiet at home with Beatrice and Rosalie, he felt so happy and grateful that when she said to him:

"If I could undo the past, and make you free, I would, but as I cannot you must love me a little in return for all that I love you, and I wish you'd kiss me once for the sake of the old time,"

He stooped and kissed her twice, and let her golden head rest against his bosom where she laid it for a moment, but he felt no throb of love for this woman who was his wife. That was dead, and he could not rekindle it, but he could be kind to her, and do his duty to her, and give her money, and he did—the three pounds which, in a fit of unheeded generosity, his father had handed him the day before, saying as he did so:

"You may have some little accounts to settle, perhaps, and that will do it."

He explained to her how he came by it, and wished that it was more, and said he meant to go to work at something at once, so as to have money of his own; he hoped to become a regular contributor to a magazine which paid well, he said, and he seemed so bright and cheerful that Josey, foolish girl, flattered herself that by her own beauty and coaxing ways she had touched him again.

Nothing could have been farther from the truth, though he was very polite to her and went with her to the station, where she was immediately surrounded by a bevy of students, who were there also to take the train, and who, in their eagerness to serve her, left Everard far in the background.

The fact that young Forrest, who, from the fastest, wildest young men in college, had become the soberest, most reserved, and, as they fancied, most aristocratic member of his class, had attended Miss Fleming to the train, did not in the least lessen her in the estimation of the students who gathered round her so thickly.

Indeed, it increased her importance, and she knew it, and felt a great pride in the tall, handsome, dignified man who stood and saw one take her satchel, another her shawl, and another her umbrella, while he who alone had a right to render these attentions, looked on silently.

Whatever he thought he gave no sign, and his face was just as grave as ever when at last he said good-bye, and lifting his hat to her, walked away, knowing that many hundred miles would soon intervene between himself and her.

(To be Continued.)



## THE RETURN.

THE room was that of an invalid, and the visitor was a physician—you could have told that at a glance. The apartment was luxuriously appointed, and displayed not only evidences of wealth, but of a refined and elegant taste.

Its occupant was a woman past sixty, who had been very handsome and very proud in her day. Everybody at Yorbury knew her story, and was in turn proud of the solid old stone mansion and the beautiful grounds that might have vied with many a foreign park in loveliness if not in extent.

Margaret Davenport had been one of the handsomest of brides, and when she married Ralph Severne he was considered the very pride and flower of the county. Two sons and one daughter had been born to them.

Twenty years of perfect happiness passed over their heads. Then Mr. Severne and his eldest son were lost while on a pleasure excursion, and brought home dead, a blow that stunned the wife and mother. Three years after her only daughter eloped with a foreign artist. Then her remaining son died after a lingering illness.

Twenty years ago, when she was forty-two, all these things had happened to her. I said she was proud; she was brave and strong as well. She rose up from her trials and went her way, a superb old woman, for she never seemed young after the last blow. But she was a centre of admiration for the Yorbury folk, although they all felt a little afraid of her. It was like having a royal personage in their midst.

When Paul Balfour returned from his travels and studies abroad, and settled himself in his father's old homestead, amusing and interesting himself in the practice of medicine, choosing the poor and unknown, for money was not his object, neither did he care to set up for a rival to worthy Dr. Krentnach, one or two incidents had occurred that brought him in direct contact with Mrs. Severne.

She had admired his father, and known him in his boyhood. Their liking ripened into a firm friendship. Looking at him, she used to dream over the sons she might have had.

He had taken her now through about the first real illness of her life, and no son could have been kinder or more devoted. But this spring morning the topic that had so engrossed them both was not returning health.

"I want you to read this letter," she had said, after the first cordial salutations had passed. "Two months ago I should have put it in the fire. But—you know my daughter's story. Since the hour she chose between me and that adventurer, St. Regis, she has been like one dead; indeed, her actual death gave me no pang. I had suffered a bitterer wrench than that. On the death of their father it appears this cousin of his, Madam Valliant, took the two daughters to Belgium; and now it seems, by the black seal and the postscript, that she is dead. Read the letter, and then I want you to do a favour for me—a little business."

It was certainly a warm and pathetic appeal for the two orphans, one eighteen, the other two years younger. Madam Valliant had intended to educate them for governesses, but her work was unfinished, and her income died with her. They would be left penniless and friendless.

Virginia was very beautiful, and had a predilection for the stage, her voice being very fine, but it was a dangerous career for a girl so young and unprotected.

Cecile was stouter and graver, but too inexperienced for any position. She, Madam Valliant, had long ago loved the father of these girls as if he had been a brother. They were both very dear to her, and the thought of their lonely life was the torture of her dying moments.

If madam, their grandmother, still remained implacable, would she not assist them in this present emergency until they could do for themselves?

There was much more in the same strain. Paul Balfour was touched by Madam Valliant's devotion to these friendless girls. For five years she had given them home and affection unstinted. And here was their rightful protector. This grand, stately old woman, so beneficent to the rest of the world, had been hard and cruel here. Much as he admired her, he was forced to admit that.

"Well?" he exclaimed, presently, without raising his eyes.

"I am not miserly, as you know, Paul Balfour. Still I said neither she nor hers should ever have a penny."

"But you will repent of such injustice," he cried. "You are too noble to continue in any wrong after you have been convinced."

"But I am not convinced," she interrupted. "Still they are in need, and I will give to them as I would to any other charity. You must be my almoner. Can you learn anything about the schools in Belgium, and find some trusty person to look after them? I will give the elder girl two years more, the younger four years. Then they must depend upon themselves."

Dr. Balfour listened, and made no reply for many minutes. Then he raised his head and glanced steadily in the face before him.

I question whether any human being had ever set the truth so plainly before Mrs. Severne. With great wisdom, tact, gentleness, and much decision, he went over the ground.

It was her duty to bring these children of her dead daughter's to her own home; to care for them, watch over them, to place them in the position that was theirs by right; to give them the opportunity of comforting her declining years, to crown her life by one grand act of forgiveness, kindness.

Mrs. Severne was amazed. She made a stand against the young man's daring, but he was roused now, and swept away every defence. He could be very eloquent, too. His glowing sentences penetrated her long-steeped heart, but she would not admit the truth or justice of his cause.

"Bring them here," she cried, "and have them do as their mother did before them—marry some adventurer, and have the disgrace repeated! Do you think that I am fond of suffering, Dr. Balfour, that I must needs put myself in it a second time?"

"We will guard against that," he answered, with a half smile, "by providing irreproachable husbands for them. You might give me one, you know."

Dr. Balfour was astonished at himself. He had never seriously contemplated matrimony, and was heart-whole at thirty. Why he should intercede so strenuously for these orphans he scarcely knew himself.

"Paul Balfour, you are jesting. You with your fastidious ideas would be the last man to marry the daughter of a Bohemian artist and adventurer, of whom nothing creditable has ever been known. And yet"—waving her hand as he was about to speak—"hear me through. I am a weak woman, you may think, though it has never been laid to my charge before. I mean say this without risk of being misunderstood—I have come to love you, Paul Balfour, almost as if you were my son. To have a claim upon you by any tie of relationship is you hardly know how tempting to me. But these girls may be objectionable in every way—distasteful to me both—and she studied him with her clear grey eyes that could be so cold and imperious, but were now wistful almost to tenderness.

He took up the letter and studied the postscript. It was in a beautiful but peculiar hand, and had a strange character of its own. Then the name—Virginia St. Regis.

He gave a soft, half-cynical laugh, but it was more humorous than sarcastic.

"To tell you the truth," he began, "your granddaughter's possible antecedents do not in the least alarm me. In my living abroad I have found that the purest of old blue blood sometimes carries a worse taint than want of ancestry. I have fraternised with strolling artists at wayside inns, and stumbled upon a gentleman pure and simple. Indeed I might shock you with some of my democratic tendencies. While I should not feel myself called upon to accept crime and absolute disgrace, some phases of Bohemianism are very pardonable in my eyes."

"But the woman I marry must have something to attract me, personally. No cold inanity, clipped and trained according to rule, could ever touch my soul. Yes, send for these girls," he cries, rising and beginning to pace the floor with a warmth quite unusual to his rather indolent temperament. "I give you my word of honour as a gentleman to try honestly to like this Virginia St. Regis. And in any event always command me as a son."

Stooping, he kisses the thin but still shapely hand.

"I must think it over," Mrs. Severne says, wearily.

"Till to-night, then. I will come again this evening. Remember that no friend, no human being in the world, has the claim upon you that these friendless orphan granddaughters have."

He bows and leaves Mrs. Severne to her own reflections, and walks rapidly down the avenue, in the spring sunshine, startled out of all his well-bred composure, and not knowing whether to be vexed or amused. His morning call has all been so different from what he planned.

Last evening he heard, in a very confidential way to be sure, that nearly half of Mrs. Severne's large property had been left to him, while the remainder

was appropriated to charitable purposes. Old lawyer Hendry had done his best to make Mrs. Severne remember her granddaughters, but in vain.

Paul Balfour had come over with the determination to refuse the fortune peremptorily, but the letter and the conversation had led him to change his mind. Not that he should ever touch a penny of it. But if these young girls came to their grandmother, they might in time break down the barrier of prejudice; and if not, perhaps he might be as safe a custodian of their fortune as anyone. But to be half contracted to marry a woman he had never seen was an odd state of affairs for him.

That evening the final decision was made. The business was given over into Balfour's hands, who, knowing some reliable people at Ghent, soon had the matter in train.

The latter end of May he came to London to meet them.

It was so late before the luggage could be obtained, and for other reasons, he decided it would be best to remain at a hotel all night, and make their appearance in a more refreshed frame of mind and body, and thither he escorted them.

So far, indeed, they had scarcely been visible. Their plain black dresses and waterproofs and close veils were almost as impenetrable as dominoes.

Miss St. Regis was tall, with a marvellous grace of figure, fair-haired, but with brilliant dark eyes. Miss Cecile was smaller every way, and in no wise remarkable, she decided.

If Virginia St. Regis had made up her mind to dazzle him, and in her secret heart she loved to captivate every man she met, she could have made no more skilful beginning. Her lustrous black silk was plainly made, and just relieved at throat and wrists with bands of crepe lisse. But the face was simply wonderful.

When you have said that her complexion was faultless, her features regular to the point of sculpture, and the combination of golden hair with dark eyes—purple black would be nearest their colour—it still gives but a poor idea. You felt that she might be dangerously fascinating.

There was about her a sense of imprisoned flame that might not merely warm, but scorch and burn, yet you longed to see it blaze up. But she was not aggressive or imperious in manner, though she impressed you with a right to be both.

Paul Balfour fancied that merely beautiful women had very little power over him, yet after a few glances at Mademoiselle Cecile he turned his attention to Miss St. Regis.

Cecile plainly showed the fatigue of her journey. Her eyes were heavy, her cheeks pale and inclining to sallowness, and there was a worn, thin look about her. Then she was shy and silent, while Virginia, though not at all exacting, was ready to talk of the journey, of madam, her cousin, and listened without asking any questions about madam, her grandmother.

The next day at noon they started for Yorbury, and reached the picturesque seaside about seven in the evening. The Severne carriage was in waiting.

"You will not need my services the remainder of the journey," and Dr. Balfour bows low. "I shall drop in to-morrow, no doubt, and I hope you will soon feel at home."

Virginia has confided to him her fears and embarrassments, which he has done his best to dispel. Unknown to her, there went yesterday a note to Mrs. Severne, which she had the pleasure of reading at twelve to-day. Balfour fancies he has smoothed some thorns out of their paths.

The carriage winds around the broad avenue, and finally stops in front of the grand old mansion. Virginia takes it all in with kindling eyes.

Grandmamma does not stand in the hall with a rapturous welcome. She does not mean to cheapen herself to the children of her discarded daughter. Instead a plain, middle-aged woman comes forward and says, kindly:

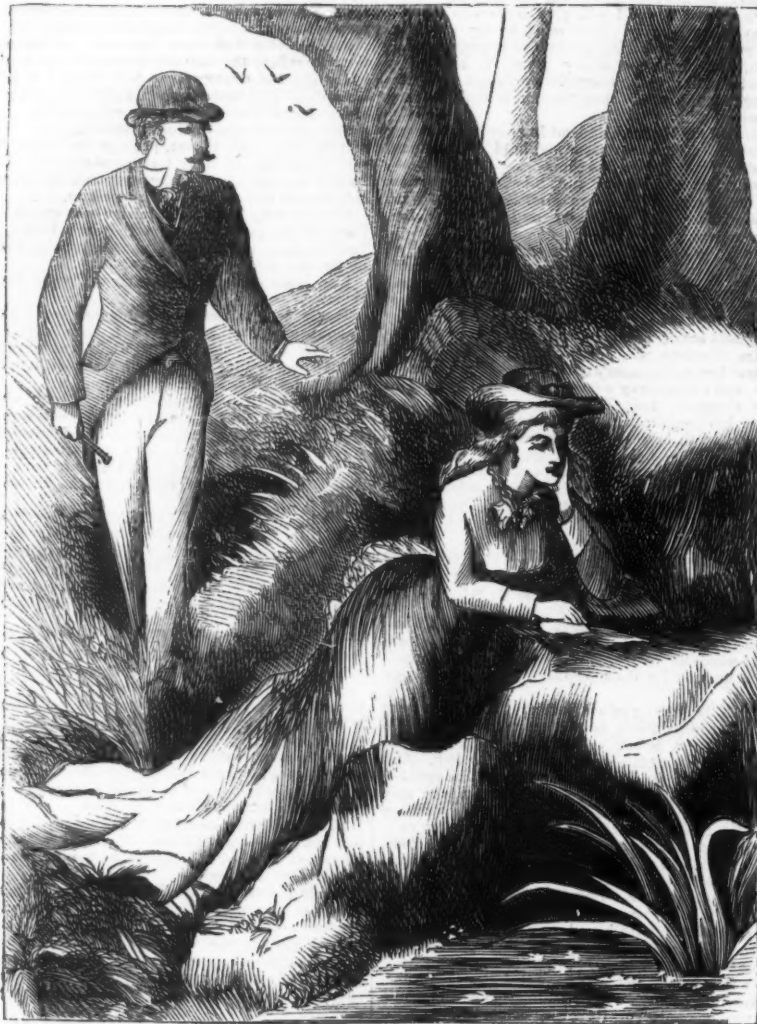
"The Misses St. Regis, I suppose. I hope you have had a pleasant journey. Allow me to conduct you to your room. Supper has been put off until eight, so you will have time to rest a little and change your dresses. I will have your trunks sent up. Would you like some assistance—a maid?"

"Thank you, no matter," responds Virginia, in that soft, entrancing voice. "We are quite used to waiting upon ourselves." Then she turns, raises her eyes, drops them, and looks the picture of innocent embarrassment.

"Shall we see madam our grandmother this evening? It is so—so lonely this being in a strange country."

"Yes, you will see her at supper," and somehow all Mrs. Day's sympathies are aroused in behalf of these long-exiled children.

The trunks come up. The door is closed, and Virginia and Cecile are alone.



[THE INTERRUPTION.]

Before she has thrown off either mantle or hat, Virginia makes a tour of the two spacious rooms. The carpet is thick and soft, but her tread has the velvet softness of a cat. Everything is elegant and luxurious, and satisfies the young girl.

"Well, Petite," she begins, in low, rapid French, "this is quite a change from bare floors and our one little chamber. It was a wise stroke to think of this, to make cousins write; and now to play our cards well with the grandmother, the great dame."

"Hush, Virginia," and Cecile glances around in furtive terror. "Why can you not wait? And it may not be all so fair as you dream. But we ought to be thankful."

"Bah! little doubter! Would you rather be back at the pension thrumming scales and sitting for a governess. And after all, she owes it to us. We are the only kin she has. But come, put a little brightness in your face. You talk so much of gratitude and favours, and yet you look ungracious, dissatisfied, while I accept the bounty of the gods with delight," and she laughed. "You are too proud, too sensitive."

"But you see she treats us as interlopers, strangers. Not a kindly word—not even curiosity. We are mere objects of charity, pity. Ah, Virginia, if I had your voice, I would be glad to try my own strength."

"You weary me, Cecile," the elder interrupted. "You have no philosophy. But come, let us make ourselves beautiful, and carry the fortress by storm. You look plainer than ever, ma Petite, and that black dress makes a fright of you. Luckily we are not compelled to wear mourning long for madam. Hurry. I want you to do my hair in those bewitching puffs."

When Cecile started, everything went as if by magic. The trunks were partially unpacked, Virginia's hair was arranged with the style of a practised hairdresser, and her few adornments laid out.

Then Cecile shook down her own dusky mass, brushed it and twisted it up in a great coil. There were no puffs or crimps, but it was a smooth, shining line above her temples.

"You wouldn't look so bad, Petite, if you had a tint of colour in your cheeks. Is that the bell I wonder?"

Mrs. Day came to conduct them to the library, where Mrs. Severne awaited them. Cecile nerved herself for the interview; Virginia smiled inwardly with her peculiar self-complacency.

Mrs. Severne was lady-like; she owed that to herself; but she held her granddaughters off at arm's length with that perfect politeness so difficult to overcome.

It chilled Cecile into silent embarrassment, but Virginia succeeded in breaking the ice, and though she could not thaw her stately grandmother, she made her own impression, not a poor one, either.

Mrs. Severne kept to the old-fashioned ways of the house, breakfast at eight, dinner at two, tea at seven. The time between would be their own. She hoped they would like their new abode after they became accustomed to it. Other matters could be arranged afterwards; and since it was late, and they were no doubt tired, she would bid them good evening now.

Thus dismissed, they retired to their room. Passionate Cecile gave way to indignation at first, then tears.

Virginia finished her unpacking, then busied herself inspecting drawers and closets, humming snatches of opera airs, and luxuriating in the prospect before her. She was a born Sybarite. All the discomforts of her eighteen years vanished and were forgotten.

Not so with Cecile. The odd, fiery independence in every fibre of her being rebelled and protested. To cringe and submit for the delicacies she ate; to go dressed in fine raiment that was but a sign of

her bondage; to be scorned, disdained, and yet tolerated! What bitter slavery it was! How could she? How could she?

Mrs. Severne was thinking them over. Neither of them reminded her of her lost daughter. Margaret Severne had been tall and fair, but not handsome as her brothers were. As little could she recall their father in them, and she was thankful. She would treat them well, give them opportunities to make good marriages, and her duty would be done.

The next morning she was courteous, but still cold and distant. After breakfast she went into a few explanations. They were to be welcome to every thing in the house; they were to have a regular income, which seemed munificent to Virginia.

If Mademoiselle Cecile desired teachers in any unfinished branches, they would be provided, with one restriction, and the clear grey eyes studied them closely. There was to be no such thing as drawing or painting.

"I will have nothing to remind me of your father," she said, with almost scornful sharpness.

Cecile's pale face flushed a vivid, almost indignant scarlet, and the lips quivered as if she would have replied, but Virginia spoke.

"There is little fear," she declared, gaily. "The mantle of family genius did not descend to us, madam. Cecile, I believe, has sketched a trifle, but I was always stupid in that respect."

Her smile was so bright and good-humoured that it threw a sort of sunny gleam over Mrs. Severne's coldness.

"That is all the restriction I have to make," said the lady, recovering her dignity. "As for my fortune, it depends altogether upon whether you marry to please me or not."

"I hate her already!" Cecile cried, as they returned to their room. "And, Virginia, it is my one gift—how could you speak so disdainfully? I have no beauty like you, no magnificent voice, but that is my genius. I want to be an artist. I will be one."

You would have hardly called Cecile St. Regis plain then. Every fibre of her small, slight frame seemed to quiver with electric suppleness; her dusky eyes were full of subtle flame; her low, broad forehead was clearly pale, and a rose showed on either cheek. The small, straight nose and compressed scarlet lips were haughty enough for a queen.

"Cecile! will you never have done with these tragic airs? It is very well to talk, but starving in a miserable garret is not to my taste. And how do you win your fame, then? Think, you would be an old woman before you could achieve anything, and, after all, why not take the good things of life pleasantly? You will see how I shall disarm this gorgon of a grandmother. And, Petite, when I marry a rich man, you shall do as you like—have a little den in my house, and paint from morning to night."

"Marry, Virginia? You don't mean it? You can't have forgotten in a little year! He loved you so, and you—"

"I fancied I should die when he left me. Oh, mon Dieu!" and she laughed. "Well, you see I am not dead. Let us be sensible, Cecile. Victor has been away fourteen months. His uncle is not dead, and may not die for years. Meanwhile I grow old and lose my beauty. There are younger and richer women to smile upon the Marquis de Longueville. It was a girl's folly."

"But your betrothal! It was sacred as a marriage! And you deceived poor cousin, and now—Oh, Virginia, why did we not stay in our own country? Why did you make cousin write, when we are, after all, impostors?"

"Will you hush?" and Virginia St. Regis' eyes sparkled with passion. "We are Madam Severne's lawful granddaughters, anyhow, and it is her business to take care of us. But you have no pride, no spirit, no ambition, Cecile! You would sweep chambers, or teach whining brats their letters, and be happy."

"You are right. I should be earning my living honestly," was the sturdy answer.

Virginia turned away, humming a snatch of opera music. How stubborn and foolish this little Cecile was!

Now that her granddaughters had come, and their position in the house been explained to them, Mrs. Severne began to think of her outside duties. She might treat them with coldness, and make them feel how on sufferance they held her favour, but Yerbury must see them in a different light, and respect them.

She would give a grand evening party, and introduce them, and she could not help a certain complacent interest in the handsome Virginia. So when Dr. Balfour came, the plan was discussed, and a list of invitations made out.

Virginia St. Regis dazzled and surprised Yerbury



into instant capitulation. The girl was a born actress. She was always thinking of and watching effects closely. This evening she was bewildering, bewitching, charming, with touches of simple sweetness, the result of past experience, for that had been limited, but some unerring instinct, that tact or intuitive sense which makes some women such wonderful social successes.

Dr. Balfour looked on in an odd, half-suspicious, half-critical mood. She demanded nothing of him. The little beginning of friendship between them was not used as any claim upon his courtesy. He fancied himself very sharp and well-read in womankind, but this one disarmed him by her simplicity because she was not one to overact her part.

Cecile, too, looked prettier to-night. The fatigue of the journey had disappeared from her face, and in its stead shone an air of quiet but intense enjoyment.

With that evening the summer campaign was fairly opened. Miss St. Regis became an immense favourite. There were all manner of outdoor amusements. Never in its palmiest days had the old stone mansion opened so wide its hospitable doors. Mrs. Severne was drawn in the fascinating current. Everybody said she grew younger and more delightful, and the credit was given to Virginia.

Cecile made no rapid strides into favouritism. A plain, quiet little girl, rather shy, not to be compared with her sister, she could not bend and change with the facile, inimitable grace of Virginia. Neither could she forgive the long years of neglect that had been her mother's portion.

Virginia St. Regis had resolved upon one masterpiece of diplomacy that would seat her firmly in her grandmother's esteem. She had seen how great a favourite Paul Balfour was; that Mrs. Severne not only deferred to his judgment, but thawed and warmed to a certain tenderness where he was concerned.

He had strictly forbidden any hint of his matrimonial fancy; indeed he had used the idea more for conciliatory purposes than any real intention on his part. But Virginia saw that this would be the crowning victory, though she was to wily to carry her purpose in words or smiles.

She listened as Mrs. Severne quoted her favourite, learned his fancies and aversions, and adapted herself with a marvellous grace.

Man of the world that he was, he fell into the snare. He had seen managing mamma and manoeuvring girls, and was triply armed against them. But this one, in her semblance of candour and honesty, which her rarely beautiful face carried out only too well, blinded him strangely.

He watched and admired, how could he help indeed—he saw other men go down under the spell, but he kept his head. Why should he not marry this piquant and lovely woman, with her half-foreign witcheries? He loved no one else, and she suited him in many ways. Then he would make Mrs. Severne settle the same portion on that little unattractive Cecile; and, really, he would have done a great thing for these two otherwise friendless girls.

So he signified his desire, or rather assent, I think it was, to her plan, and she announced it to her granddaughter. Virginia veiled her elation and accepted her good fortune becomingly, and so the engagement was settled.

"And you never spoke of the past?" said Cecile, with unwonted sharpness.

"Why should I speak of it?" with a laugh. "Does Dr. Balfour confess all his past loves and fancies to me? He has had eleven more years of experience and has learned discretion. And, now that I think of it, I do believe this had been a plot of the lady grandmother from the beginning. How lucky that it suited me. I wonder what you would have done in my place, Cecile?"

"Done? Do you suppose I would have allowed myself to be bargained off in that shameful manner?" and the dusky eyes flashed. "You don't even pretend to love him, Virginia, and you did love—"

"Hush; no names. Yes, I was wild, out of my senses! I could never go through with the grand passion again, and this phlegmatic, half-insolent man doesn't demand it, fortunately. What I want now is a handsome establishment and a well-regulated husband. Grandmamma's model answers as well as any other."

"And you are going to marry—with no deeper or more sacred regard. Oh, Virginia, think of that twilight betrothal over our father's grave. And you sent no word to Victor, as you promised—"

"Cecile, I shall feel tempted to strangle you presently. That is all past and done with."

"But suppose—that he should come?"

"I only hope that I shall be married. Indeed, I believe the engagement is not to be a long one. Do you not see, Petite, how my marriage opens another home to you? You can have the freedom

you desire, and be rid of this dependance so hateful to you. Come, smile a little and congratulate me."

Cecile studied her with great, wondering eyes. Was this the girl who had stolen out to meet a lover clandestinely, been betrothed secretly, and kept it from the kind friend who was depriving herself of comforts to give them a home; who had been wild with passionate fervour and despair when letters missed, then given up with such cool indifference? What was love?

That evening they were singing at the piano. Virginia was playing the accompaniment, and her voice rang out clear and firm. Cecile was a contralto, with tones in it deep and sad as death itself. Dr. Balfour sat listening, watching. She so rarely sang. And now the strange capacity of the voice startled him. What did it hint of passionate depths, possible heights of exaltation, love, suffering, and courage? Then he glanced at her.

It was an August evening, and she wore some black, gauzy thing, with a cluster of sweet white lilies at her throat. He had not noticed her especially of late, but he thought now how she had improved. Her clear skin had a twilight softness, vague and shadowy, her eyes were luminous, and a faint pink fluttered over her cheek. Beside her Virginia looked cold, complacent, soulless.

Some visitors were announced, and Miss St. Regis left the piano. Cecile lingered.

"I thought you did not care much for music," said Balfour. "Do you know your voice is not quite the one to go with your sister's. It should be heard alone."

"Here is so beautiful. I have always envied it," she returned, simply.

"Yes. Still I am not sure but yours is the most expressive. I should like to hear you alone. There, they are going on the balcony. Will you sing for me?"

"Excuse me. I do not think I can."

"But why? It piqued him to be refused. "Are you afraid of me?"

"No, monsieur, I am not afraid of you."

Her dusky eyes were cool and clear, her scarlet lips set themselves in firm curves.

Paul Balfour smiled. It was so seldom that he was refused anything, that his first impulse was to win her consent by pure mental mastery; then another thought came to him.

"I am sorry you will not gratify me, he said, in a low tone. "But I want you to listen to this."

She was still standing by the piano. He touched the keys softly like the away of rocking willows, an undertone trailed across it; there was a dip of oars, a snatch of melody as if thrown in by another hand, the softness of night upon the waters, a slow murmur of tender reproach mayhap, the two parts of a duet that left so much to the listener's imagination. Were they lovers floating down the wind-rocked tide—lovers in half-earnest, half-sad dispute? Had he put something else in the gondellid?

She drew a long, quivering breath, and raised her eyes to his, not conscious of the expression in her face. Then her hands dropped suddenly.

"Come away," she said, abruptly. "It was beautiful, but I cannot listen. It stirs me. It makes me wish—I am much obliged, Dr. Balfour," in a changed tone of voice. "Let us go out on the balcony."

He rose.

"You will sing for me some evening?"

"Yes, some time. Not too soon," and she was gone.

He returned to the piano. What long-land, familiar spirit was evoked to-night? The gay laugh of his betrothed floated in and grated on his ear. He did not want to think of it. He would fain go back to youth and dreams.

There was no excuse for what Dr. Balfour did afterwards. He fancied himself strong and secure, and was seized with an irresistible desire to play with flame.

Cecile was, after all, a very child, and, then, would he not be her brother presently? Mrs. Severne had asked him as a favour to come and live in the old mansion after his marriage, for she had never been so strong since her long illness in the spring. And so perforce they must needs be on familiar terms.

A little brotherly kindness, he told himself. It was so easy to meet her in her walks, for Virginia affected the carriage.

Now and then of an evening Virginia would be occupied with other guests; she was not one of the lovelorn damsels who can exist only in the presence of the beloved.

And Cecile, who had in some half-nervous way not liked him, now began to take herself to task, to discover virtues where heretofore she had only seen blemishes.

She had strolled one gorgeous September afternoon,

and found a cosy nook by the side of a purling stream. The bit of high moss-grown rock, the tall, graceful ferns, the overhanging branches with the long ray of light, touched her long-slumbering artistic sense.

She had a pencil, and here was a stray sheet of paper in her book. With hardly a thought, she resigned herself to her first love. Her pencil flew rapidly. She no longer heard the bird singing above her head, and was quite oblivious to a step that came softly nearer and nearer.

At first Balfour fancied she must be asleep, then he saw the slender fingers move. How round and peachy her fair cheek was, how pure in contour the chin, the neck, and the sleeping shoulder.

How had he ever fancied her plain? What madness had seized upon him, rather what fatal apathy and blindness, when he asked the hand of Virginia St. Regis in marriage?

Here was the one being he could love as he had dreamed of loving in his youth. Even now he longed to gather her in his arms, to kiss the half-smiling scarlet lips, to look into the glowing eyes.

Did his rapid breathing alarm her? She turned suddenly, gave him a startled glance, and sprang to her feet. Her paper fluttered off, and with a spring he saved it from being launched on the tiny stream.

"Pardon me for disturbing you. I did not know that you were so engrossed—or that you were so much of an artist. Why have you kept it secret?"

A crimson flush suffused her face. She held out her hand for the drawing, and, tearing it into bits, threw it in the current of the stream.

"Did I vex you? I am truly sorry."

"It was not that. It was that I should have forgotten—that I should have done a forbidden and disgraceful thing. But it came upon me so suddenly, And—it is my one gift, my one passion. I inherited it from my father."

She uttered the last sentence with an indescribable air of pride.

"But who has forbidden it?" Then he guessed.

"We are here on sufferance—Virginia and I, Madam, my grandmother, said once that we owed our present home to your kind offices. I wish you had not persuaded. I wish we were free in that old life, that I might take back my precious dreams. She has forbidden either of us to use a pencil, and I have transgressed. I want you to believe it is the first time. Well, I am glad you came. I am punished for my temerity."

How sweet and noble she looked, her face aflush, her eyes softened by a suggestion of tears, spirited in spite of regret.

"My dear child," he said, "I do not see that you have committed a very heinous crime. I understand how Mrs. Severne may feel about the matter, but I must try to have the restriction removed. You have too much genius—"

"You will do no such thing," she cried, quickly.

"Do you think I would ask a favour of her? Why, I would not have come here at all but for Virginia. I did not mind the poverty, the work, because then I was free. Here I am not loved, only tolerated. Ah, I am not blind; I can see. I can feel in the very atmosphere how it is."

He stood looking at her, realising that he was bound hand and foot, longing to come to her rescue, and yet afraid to trust himself. Ah, what madness his had been!

"My child, you are young and impatient," he began. "Time works many changes. And without vanity I may say I have considerable influence with your grandmother—"

"Dr. Balfour, you will not use it on my behalf," she said, proudly. "While I am under Madam Severne's roof, I will obey. I will ask no favours. But it grows late. Let us return."

She would not even admit there was a secret between them, but picked her way over the stones, and presently turned into the main road. He followed her with strangely conflicting emotions. How intensely proud she was! You could see it in her step, in every motion of her little limbs.

And yet what a world of sweetness lay in those dark eyes so soft and so fiery by turns. What tender passion curved the rose-red lips, lying untasted for some future lover. And he had said he was done with that unreasoning regard!

The weeks flew by. Virginia was charming to her betrothed, to her grandmother. It was near Christmas now, and a wedding day had been appointed. Once Cecile had tried to rouse her sister's conscience, but in vain, so she silently acquiesced. Why should she be troubled about Paul Balfour? He had made his own election.

Virginia came flying into her room one afternoon with wild eyes and flushed cheeks. In her hand she held a note.

"Mon Dieu! Cecile," she cried, "the trouble has come. Victor has searched, has discovered me. He demands an interview. What shall I do? He has come to claim his promise after this long silence. And he says no word about his uncle. Read."

She tossed the note over to her. Victor, it seems, had written to Gheut several times, and then gone thither, to learn that his fair betrothed had left for England. He had followed, and by mere accident discovered her address. See her he must. He left time and place to her judgment.

"What shall I do?" and Virginia wrung her hands. "Just when I had nearly reached the summit of content."

"Ask him to come here," said Cecile. So many friends call that it will not be remarked. Then—tell him the truth. Decide which of the men—you love, she was about to say, but changed it—"which of the men you will marry."

There was a touch of scorn in her ringing voice. Did she care that Paul Balfour should be free?

"Here in this house? Cecile, you must be crazy!"

"I hardly think it wise to meet elsewhere. It is too cold to talk by roadsides, and there is no one to take into confidence."

It was true. Virginia recognised the difficulties. Perhaps it was best. So after much discussion she answered the note, and then planned that Cecile should entertain Dr. Balfour, if it so happened that he should drop in.

That very evening, she said. Since it must be, to get it over speedily would be best. She was prepared for any desperate measures. She even thought of buying off his claim; presently she would have plenty of money.

Punctual to the moment came Victor. The servant ushered him in the drawing-room. Half an hour later Dr. Balfour made his appearance.

"Will you come to the library, and my grandmother?" said Cecile, intercepting him. "Virginia is busy—with an old friend."

He went willingly. What was the matter with Cecile? This restlessness was wonderfully becoming. Her soft cheeks glowed, her eyes were full of quivering flame, and her tremulous lips dewy and sweet. Why did she watch him so? She seemed to be listening like some wary bird.

Something different from her thought came at length. There was a rustle in the hall, steps, then two figures entered.

"Grandmamma," said Virginia, glowing and smiling. "I have brought an old friend of ours to present to you—the Marquis De Lougueville. Cecile, you will be glad to welcome him. Doctor Balfour, Victor."

A handsome young Frenchman of four or five and twenty, graceful and cultivated. Cecile glanced at her sister—she had decided to become Madame La Marquise, the complacent expression told that. Would Dr. Balfour suffer?

There were no public explanations until the next day. Mrs. Severne was grandly indignant at first, but Virginia carried off matters with a high hand. Paris was more tempting to her than Dr. Balfour and her grandmother's favour.

The credentials of the young marquis were found in every way reliable. Nothing was said of the old betrothal, but Virginia easily persuaded Victor that this new engagement had been the result of Mrs. Severne's positive commands.

Dr. Balfour relinquished his claim, secretly mortified that with all his penetration he should have been made the dupe of a handsome and designing woman. But the sense of freedom gave him a thrill of delight. He could woo this odd, ardent little Cecile.

"Dr. Balfour," Mrs. Severne said, one morning, while the new wedding plans were in progress, "here is the end of all your fine plans. You insisted upon bringing these girls here, and now Virginia marries an old lover, and Cecile, the little ingrate, defies my authority, and proposes to return and study art in a garret. If I were poor and needed her, she would stay and care for me, but I am not worthy of any regard, it seems, or gratitude, and in my old age I am to be left alone."

"Cecile!" echoed the doctor.

"Yes. She is a little tempest incarnate. I would not have believed it. A thorough democrat, despising wealth and position, and wanting to carve out her own future on her father's plan. Let her go. I will wash my hands of them all."

"Where is she?" and Balfour went in search of her.

But his hasty avowal of love did not bend the prideful spirit in an instant.

"Dr. Balfour," and her voice had a cool, tantalising sound, "what am I to believe? For months you have been the betrothed of my sister. Can love

be transferred so easily? I am not beautiful; my grandmother does not regard me with any complacency. Why should you seek to keep me here? I am not afraid of poverty or work. I would rather have peace, satisfaction and a crust, than all this grandeur. And you can find—some one else."

"Not like you, my darling," and he clasped the struggling form in his arms. "Listen, Cecile! As Heaven hears me, this is the solemn truth of my soul. I cannot tell when I began to love you, but honour kept me from one overt act or look. Try me, prove me. Tell me to wait years, to watch over you while you are winning fame, anything to satisfy yourself, so that you consent at last."

You will guess that his eloquence won at length. Was love a boon to be cast away because the fetters came tipped with gold?

There was a grand time in the old stone mansion. Mrs. Severne had given her granddaughter an elegant wedding. There were lights and perfumes, dresses trailing the soft carpet, and hosts of well-bred congratulations. The lonely old woman lingered in her room, when a light step scudded beside her.

"Madam, I am come to beg your pardon for my rudeness of a few days ago, and to ask a little love from you. I am Dr. Balfour's promised wife, if it will be any pleasure to you to have me stay."

A soft kiss dropped on the wrinkled hand.

Mrs. Severne put her arms around Cecile, and raised her. There were tears in her eyes.

"For his sake?" said the sweet, soft voice.

"For your own sake," was the broken answer.

G. H.

## FACETIÆ

### THEN AND NOW.

THINGS are not what they used to be  
in days not distant far—  
Old fogies were no stripplings then,  
when Nicholas was Czar.  
And people dreamt—how came so  
strange a fancy to extend?—  
That Russian rule was tyranny, and  
conquest Russia's end.

"Abrocities" in Poland, deeds of  
bigotry and ire,  
Were told, and even credited, of  
Alexander's sire!  
The "Nuns of Minsk" a by-word were  
that passed beyond a doubt.  
John Bull believed the story of the  
Sisters and the Knout.

The Cross against the Crescent when  
good Nicholas unfurled,  
The bombs of France and England on  
Sebastopol were hurled.  
Against him, with the Ottomite the  
Western Powers took part,  
And thwarted him, and baffled him,  
and broke his gentle heart.

The Turks were then our trusty friends,  
our true and good allies,  
We all thought Turkey in the scale of  
Nations on the rise.  
Alas, these good opinions Britons  
backed with British gold:  
Investors lent the moneys which the'll  
ne'er again behold.

But now in vain may Turkey to  
Britannia look for aid.  
The Muscovites the Porte's domain  
can unopposed invade,  
So they assail our interests not, for any-  
thing we care,  
'Tis almost a party question if we  
should not help "the Bear."

Bulgarian horrors were the cause  
which, sole and simple, wrought  
On the Oriental Question all this  
change of British thought.  
More righteous indignation bids us  
throw the Moslem o'er,  
Bleed not o'er a drop to save them;  
lend them ne'er a penny more.

—Punch

"ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER."

"Wot d'yer keep on a hittin' the poor old donkey  
like that (ur, father?"

"'Cos yer mother ain't 'ere, my lad. 'Cos yer  
mother ain't 'ere."

—Fun.

### A NATURAL'S HISTORY.

THE cock has a comb and the fox has a brush, but  
the greyhound is better for doing the hare.—Fun.

### THE LATEST DEMONSTRATION.

De Morgan's eloquence was grand!  
His voice has echoed through the land.  
He says, "In gaol, perchance, he'll rot,  
But live as a recreant slave he'll not!"  
'Tis "werry good on him!"

And though some may remain in doubt,  
As to what all the row's about,  
We thrill to hear men talk like that.  
One chap as hissed we spread out flat,  
And took and stood on him.

\* \* \*

A drizzling rain was falling fast,  
As through Pall Mall we proudly  
passed,  
A moist, yet hopeful little crowd,  
As shook their fists and shouted loud,  
Outside of all the Clubs.

Some say we were three thousand  
strong;  
These figures, though, I think are  
wrong;  
What odds, all were Stern Men and  
True,  
And when 'twas o'er each took his  
"Two"  
Of something at the pubs.

\* \* \*

Next morn we called on Mr. Cross,  
Each man bestrode his hobby horse;  
Each man said what he'd got to say,  
Nor said it in a hasty way,  
As men less earnest might.

Then Cross got up. From what he  
spoke,  
He seemed to think the thing a joke;  
No plain opinion did he pass,  
But he looked plainly, "You're a hazz!"  
And, dash it, he was right!

—Judy

### THE LATEST CURIOSITIES.

A FENCE made from the railing of a scolding wife.  
A plate of butter from the cream of a joke.  
The small coins in "the change of the moon."  
The original brush used in painting the signs of  
the times.

The latest contract with the trade winds.  
The chair in which the sun sets.  
A garment for the naked eye.  
Buckle to fasten a laughing stock.  
The animal that drew the inference.  
Egg from a nest of thistles.  
A basket of water from "All's well."  
Soap with which a man was washed overboard.  
The strip which is used to sharpen the water's  
edge.

The pencil with which Britannia ruled the wave.  
A portion of the yeast used in raising the wind.  
The saucer belonging to the cup of sorrow.  
Hinges and lock from the trunk of an elephant.  
A feather from the wings of a flying report.

### LIVE AND LEARN.

PICTURE DEALER (to theatrical friend): "There,  
my boy, this picture is by the celebrated 'Gior-  
gione.'"

LOW COMEDIAN: "Georgie who?—Oh! Georgay  
'Oney. Dear me now! Never knew he was a painter  
before."

—Fun.

### AM WHERR!

MRS. JUGGINS wants to know why the men who  
ride on "wheel-hossypedes" are called "Bay-sick-  
lets." She's inquired several times, but no  
one can tell her.

—Fun.

### OUR ARMY RESERVE.

SERGEANT OF PENSIONERS (marching party of  
the Army Reserve into camp—approaching the  
guard): "Now, my men, pull yourselves together!  
You're not so drunk as you think!"

### A PARAGON.

LADY'S-MAD (enumerating her qualifications for  
the place: "I may likewise hadd, mom, that I  
halways manages to marry my young ladies most  
satisfactory!")

### CONSOLATION.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:  
"I have a friend who is unable to leave London  
himself this autumn, but whose wife and children



are enjoying the breezes of their native Scotland for a few weeks. Wishing to say something civil to him the other day, and knowing that he and his better half got on pretty well together, I remarked that he must feel rather lonely without Mrs. X. and the little ones."

"Yes," he replied, "I do; but the wind is tempered to the shorn lamb; and you see that when my wife is away I can smoke in bed!"

## MUSICAL EGOTISM.

HENR MAESTRO (who has been indulging the company with two Masses, three Symphonies, a dozen Impromptus, and a few other little things of his own): "Will you not now sing something, Miss Angelica?"

MISS ANGELICA (with diffidence, pulling off her gloves): "H'm!—H'm!—I'm afraid I'm a little hoarse to-day; but if—"

HENR MAESTRO (with alacrity): "Ach, so! In that case I will not press you. I had combed a sonata in F moll—shall I play it to you? Yes?"

Proceeds to do so. —Punch.

## THE SIGHTS OF DUBLIN.

IRISH CAR-DRIVER: "Share that's the Custom-house, sor; but it's only the rare as it you'll be seeing this side, sor—the front's behind!" —Punch.

## THE LAST WORDS OF DIPLOMACY.

FRANCE: "A neutral tint is the present Paris fashion, my dear friends."

GERMANY: "Ready, eye ready."

GERMANY: "All's well that ends well."

RUSSIA: "Your money or your life?"

RUSSIA: "So very sorry."

TURKEY: "Kismet!"

ENGLAND: "Are you quite sure you would not like another Congress, or a few more pamphlets, or a debate or two, or a brand new Protocol, or anything else in the waste-paper line?"

THE REST OF THE CIVILISED WORLD: "Curse you, my children!"

Curiala. —Punch.

THE Latest Form of Lunacy.—Faith in the Crescent. —Punch.

## IRISH'S THREE GRACES.

(New Version of a Well-Known Epigram.)

THREE members in three different coun-

ties born,

Dundalk and Meath and Cavan did

adorn;

The first in rude vulgarity surpassed;

The next in stubbornness; in both the

last.

Force of obstructiveness no more could

do—

To make the third, she joined the other

two. —Punch.

## TO SIR HENRY HAWKINS.

(By a Bothered Barrister.)

TWINKLE, twinkle, Legal star,

How I wonder what you are,

Up above the Court so high:

Please enlighten us. Do try. —Punch.

## SUITED TO A TEA.

"MISTER" DE MORGAN in the House of Commons.

—Punch.

## IN THE STREET.

JONES: "Dreadful thing that, wasn't it, Brown,

kicking his wife to death?"

GREEN: "Awful."

JONES: "Actually went upstairs and put on a

clean pair of boots to do it."

GREEN: "Ah! always had a great deal of gentle-

manly feeling. —Fun.

VERY likely place for Easter eggs.—Hatcham, of

course. —Punch.

THE CARMAN'S AMUSEMENT, FOR CHOICE.—A

Fancy Fare. —Fun.

## "PRO" DIGIOUS.

WHAT part of the "front" ought actors off duty

to patronise?—The "pro" scenium, of course.

## —Fun.

## ANOTHER NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

1st POTHOUSE PATRIOT: "In my 'umble opinion,

sir, the Russians 'll take umbrage before many days

are out."

2ND DUTTO: "Take it, sir? I'm only staggered

they ain't took it before, considering how badly them

Turks have 'fortified the place.'" —Judy.

## HARD TIMES.

CAREFUL PARTY (from the North): "And so yer

boxes o' lights are twa for a penny, are they? Wel,

then, lassie, I'll jost tak' 'half o' one.'" —Judy.

## THE DIFFICULTY SURMOUNTED.

THE right piece of mechanism for removing Cleopatra's needle—a sewing machine, of course.

—Judy.

## A MISTAKE.

"HAVE you marble or plaster busts of Psyche?"

asked a lady one day.

"No," was the reply of the polite but verdant

clerk, "we have busts of most all the great men, but

none of Sankey."

The lady did not attempt an explanation.

## FACE TO FACE.

"You loved me? Social place and

self

Were more than love among the pan-

sies!

You loved me—but you loved yourself:

Time dulls the gold of youth's ro-

manence.

And so you laid me on the shelf,

Among a score of worn-out fancies;

The leaves were falling, 'red and

dead'—

"I never loved but you," she said.

"You loved but me! And yet you

left

My heart to ache and break alone;

My soul to fight despair, bereft

Of strength and hope since faith had

flown!

The shock of doom that smote and cleft

My world, had shattered and o'er-

thrown

My idols—life's fair use lay dead."

"Dear, it was for your sake," she said.

"Indeed? Is there a trick of speech

Whose depth and breadth I have not

spanned?

Whose meaning lies beyond my reach,

Locked in your subtle woman hand?

The grim iconoclasm you teach

Is bitter hard to understand."

What matters it, since love is dead?"

"Yet love like ours dies hard," she

said.

"Oh, ay! An honest love, I own,

May live, though trampled under

foot,

To die a thousand deaths in one

Of grief's slow canker at the root;

We reap, my girl, as we have sown—

Fate's judgments harvest bitter

fruit!"

"Yet, when the leaves are red and

dead,

You too remember, dear," she said.

"Ah, yes, I watch the sere leaves fall

In biting frost and bitter rain;

They graze the old wound—that is all—

A twinge of half-forgotten pain;

The past is dead beyond recall—

I would not have it live again

For thrice the autumns that have fled!"

"Yet love lives on in me," she said.

"He turned on her with savage ire,

With writhen lips and glance of

flame:

"Love burns in you, a quenchless fire,

Yet more you love the world, and

flame!

The purples of the wanton, Tyre,

Were pale besides your bootless

shame!"

She only hung her flower-like head—

"My sin is love of you," she said.

E. A. B.

## STATISTICS.

DUTCH STATISTICS.—The population of Holland numbered upon the 1st of January last 3,809,327, of whom 1,884,417 are males, as against 3,579,529 in 1869, the increase therefore being 229,798 in the interval of seven years. In 1870 the number of births was 136,124, rising gradually to 144,181, in 1876, while the number of deaths declined from 114,234 in 1871 to 92,676 in 1874, but increased again to 104,479, in 1875. Simultaneously with this return, the Dutch Minister of Public Instruction has published some educational statistics for 1876, from which it appears that there were 2,688 primary schools, of which 489 are schools of a higher degree, being an increase of 22 over the preceding year. There are, in addition, 135 private schools in receipt of a subsidy, and 994 which do not receive any assistance from the state, 569 of which give education of a higher degree. Altogether Holland has 3,817 schools, or 33 more than in 1874, and of these 1,174 are schools of a higher degree. The staff of teachers consisted in 1875 of 9,267 masters and 2,708 mistresses.

## HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

MARSH MALLOW PASTE.—Dissolve one-half pound of gum Arabic in one pint of water; strain and add half a pound fine sugar and place over the fire, stirring constantly till the syrup is dissolved and all is of the consistency of honey; then add gradually the whites of four eggs, well-beaten; stir the mixture till it becomes somewhat thin and does not adhere to the finger; pour alittle a pan slightly dusted with powdered starch, and when cool divide into small squares. Flavour to the taste just before pouring out to cool.

LEMON DROPS.—Upon half a pound of finely-powdered sugar pour just enough lemon juice to dissolve it, and boil to the consistency of thick syrup. Drop this on plates, and put in a warm place to harden. Boil to a syrup, add grated lemon peel, and proceed as in the first receipt. By adding raspberry syrup, instead of lemon juice, you have raspberry drops.

CHOCOLATE CREAM DROPS.—Mix one-half a cup of cream with two of white sugar; boil and stir full five minutes; set the dish into another of cold water, and stir until it becomes hard; then make into small balls, about the size of marbles, and with a fork roll each one separately in the chocolate, which has in the meantime been put in a bowl over the boiling tea-kettle and melted. Put on brown paper to cool. Flavour with vanilla, if desired. This amount makes about fifty drops.

CHOCOLATE CARAMELS.—Two cups of sugar, one of molasses, one of milk, one spoonful of butter, one of flour, half a pound of chocolate. Butter your saucepan, put in sugar, molasses and milk, boil fifteen minutes; add butter and flour, stirred to a cream, and boil five minutes longer, then add the chocolate grated, and boil until quite thick. Butter tin flat pans, and pour in the mixture, half an inch thick, and mark it in squares before it gets hard in cooling.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

TO WOMEN.—A sensible woman should not indulge in that feminine weakness, the love of variety, which so frequently displays itself by an ever-varying costume. Whimsicality of dress is neither proof of good taste nor good sense, but rather results from the absence of both, or from the mistaken notion that to attract attention is to gain admiration. But whimsicality, whether shown in dress, manner or opinion, does not deserve, and never obtains, permanent admiration; it is more likely to meet the smile of contempt or the sneer of ridicule. A claim to superiority and distinction, established on such a foundation, has nothing to secure it.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.—Small acts of kindness, how pleasant and desirable they do make life! Every dark object is made light by them, and every tear of sorrow is brushed away. When the heart is sad, and despondency sits at the entrance of the soul, a trifling kindness drives away despair, and makes the path cheerful and pleasant.

THE central spire of Rouen Cathedral, France, has just been completed. It is 492 feet high, and is of cast iron.

A MEETING of bicyclists has been held at Brighton, between 200 and 300 riders being present. They assembled near the Aquarium, and rode a distance of nearly six miles.

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## NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. M.—We cannot obtain what you wish for.

JEMIE.—The lines you have sent are very good and marked by a proper sentiment, which will, we think, be generally appreciated. They should be read by all who are, as you say, "estranged."

Friends estranged? Should rash words sever,  
Hearts that kindly beat as one?  
Shall the tempest beat for ever  
To eclipse the smiling sun?  
Pleasant once your every meeting,  
Now each meeting gives but pain,  
Make the next a happier greeting,  
And give each a friend again.  
Half a smile would wake another,  
Half a nod all pride would bend,  
Brother reconcile to brother,  
And a calm the storm would end.

PAT.—To speak frankly we must say that as far as we can tell it is not in our power to render you any assistance.

JACK.—The letter has been received.

MAY.—We have no knowledge of the company referred to.

L.—If you sent your reply to us it will be duly attended to.

HARRY.—The questions contained in your note are beyond our province.

NUMA.—The hands will frequently assume a delicate and white appearance if they are rubbed every night with a mixture composed of glycerine and elder flower water.

E. M.—Your letter, we should think, has been misdirected, for it contains no question, but relates apparently to some matter of business with which we have nothing to do.

B. K.—The London oyster season commences on the 4th of August.

H. S.—The book can be obtained from any respectable bookseller.

TIM.—You can obtain what you desire at any ironmonger's shop.

MARY.—Handwriting clear and distinct.

W. A. T.—The sudden death of James Renforth took place on the 23rd of August, 1871, while rowing in the Anglo-Canadian race at New Brunswick.

M. L.—The quotation is from "Hamlet." It should be written thus:

"Give me the man  
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him  
In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee."

Many persons misquote a portion of the passage by saying "heart of hearts," as you have done.

E. M.—In due course.

EVE.—Declined with thanks.

BILL.—In such a case the master could certainly send him to prison.

RUPERT.—The distance between Westminster and Hungerford bridges is three furlongs.

L. L.—Saturday is the market-day at Northampton. Oxford, by road, is 54 miles from London, and Cambridge 51.

W. H.—Pressure of editorial matter may occasionally require some suspension of a story as that indicated in your letter.

DAVID.—Apply to any bookseller.

E. A.—We are unable to comply with your request at present.

GEO.—We cannot publish an address in the manner requested.

C. L.—We do not know anything about the case to which we allude.

LOUIE.—The hair is of a fine quality, and of a shaded brown colour.

JESSIE, seventeen, dark brown hair, brown eyes, tall, wishes to correspond with a young gentleman between eighteen and nineteen. Respondent must be fond of home, medium height, good-looking, dark hair, dark eyes.

A. L. and E. S. L. wish to correspond with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. A. L. is seventeen, dark hair and eyes. E. S. L. is eighteen, dark hair, and blue eyes. Respondents must be between eighteen and twenty-two.

ED, twenty-one, light brown hair, dark brown eyes, would like to correspond with a young lady between eighteen and twenty-seven. Respondents must be in a good position.

M. D. and G. H., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies, with a view to matrimony. M. D. is twenty-eight, brown curly hair, brown eyes, dark, and fond of home. G. H. is twenty-seven, medium height.

E. L. and EDWIN, two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. E. L. is twenty-five, tall, of a loving disposition. EDWIN is twenty-two. Both are educated.

BILL and HENRY, two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two young ladies. Bill is twenty-four, brown hair, blue eyes, considered good-looking. Henry is twenty-three, considered good-looking, black hair, dark eyes, and of a very loving disposition. They must be tall, dark, good-tempered, and about their own age.

## CHARITY.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,  
But every drop will tell;  
The bucket would soon be empty  
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,  
It was all I had to give,  
But as pennies make the guinea  
It may help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon  
And some toys—they were not new;  
But they made the sick child happy,  
Which has made me happy, too.

Only some outgrown garments—  
They were all I had to spare;  
But they'll help to clothe the needy,  
And the poor are every where.

A word now and then of comfort,  
That cost me nothing to say,  
But the poor old man died happy,  
And it helped him on the way.

He loveth the cheerful giver,  
Though the gift be poor and small;  
What doth He think of his children  
When they never give at all?

M. D.

EDWARD and JIM, two friends, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with two young men. Edward is twenty, medium height, good-looking. Jim is twenty-two, tall, dark. Respondents must be good-looking, and fond of music.

MILLY, seventeen, tall, fond of home and children, dark, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with a gentleman, about twenty-nine.

GUSSEY and MARIAN, two friends, would like to receive carte-de-visites of two young gentlemen. Gussey is twenty, tall, light hair, blue eyes. Marian is twenty-four, tall, brown hair, blue eyes. They are both good-looking. Mechanics preferred.

L. B. and D. C., two friends, would like to correspond with two young ladies with a view to matrimony. L. B. is twenty-two, medium height, dark. D. C. is twenty-one, medium height, dark.

POLLY, nineteen, auburn hair, brown eyes, good-looking, would like to correspond with a fair, good-looking young man, fond of home.

MORLEY, twenty, good-looking, fair, would like to receive carte-de-visites of a young lady between seventeen and eighteen. Respondent must be good-looking, of a loving disposition.

RICHARD W., AUGUSTA, and EVERARD, three seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with three young ladies. Richard W. is twenty-two, good-looking. Augusta is twenty-one, fair, hazel eyes, fond of home and music. Everard is twenty, dark brown eyes, fond of home.

JANET W., twenty-two, would like to correspond with a gentleman who must be tall, fair, and of a loving disposition.

ESTELLE, seventeen, dark, fond of home, thoroughly domesticated, would like to correspond with a young man. Must be about nineteen, tall, dark, handsome, fond of home.

ALBERT F., a seaman in the Royal Navy, thirty-three, would like to correspond with a young lady with a view to matrimony. She must be about twenty-nine, fond of home.

DAVID, twenty-three, brown hair, black eyes, accomplished, would like to correspond with a young lady, with a view to matrimony, twenty-three, thoroughly domesticated.

JACK, a seaman in the Royal Navy, twenty-three, dark, hazel eyes, medium height, would like to correspond with a young woman about twenty, medium height, dark.

HARRIET and MARGARET, two friends, would like to exchange carte-de-visites with two young gentlemen, with a view to matrimony. Harriet is tall, good-looking, blue eyes, and fond of music. Margaret is tall, dark, good-looking, brown hair, brown eyes.

A. D., twenty-two, good-looking, dark hair and eyes, fond of music, and of a loving disposition, would like to correspond with a young lady who must be in a good position.

X. Y. and W. W., two friends, wish to correspond with two young ladies. X. Y. is twenty, good-looking, medium height. W. W. is nineteen, brown hair, blue eyes, and fair.

A. E. and C. D., two seamen in the Royal Navy, wish to correspond with two ladies, who must be tall, medium height, dark, and of loving dispositions. A. E. is twenty-five, considered handsome, good-tempered, dark complexion, light hair, and light blue eyes. C. D. is twenty-six, considered good-looking, medium height, of a loving disposition.

DAVID, a seaman in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with a young lady about nineteen, dark, grey eyes. He is twenty-one, medium height, brown hair, hazel eyes.

JOHN, thirty-five, good-looking, medium height, blue eyes, brown hair, would like to correspond with a lady about thirty-one. Widow not objected to. Must be affectionate.

Y. Z. and Z. Y., two seamen in the Royal Navy, would like to correspond with two young ladies. Y. Z. is twenty-three, black hair, blue eyes, and medium height, of a loving disposition. Z. Y. is twenty-four, medium height, auburn hair, blue eyes. Respondents must be of loving dispositions, dark, and fond of home and music.

## COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

C. D. is responded to by—Margaret, nineteen, good-looking, dark hair.

VIOLIN by—David, a sailor in the Royal Navy, fair, tall, curly hair, of a loving disposition. Thinks he is all she requires.

ELKANOR L. by—X., tall and dark.

M. M. by—Louie, nineteen.

A. E. M. by—Nell, eighteen, medium height, thinks she is all he requires.

T. M. by—Milly, sixteen, light hair, hazel eyes, fond of home and children.

TOM by—Janet, sixteen, good-looking, fair, medium height.

ALICE by—William, medium height.

EMMA by—Richard, eighteen, light hair, grey eyes, and fond of home.

ADA S. by—Will, in a good position, tall, and of dark complexion.

ALICE by—R. B., twenty-four, tall, considered good-looking.

TOM by—Lily, twenty, dark hair and eyes, fair, and of a loving disposition.

H. P. by—M. J., considered good-looking, medium height, brown hair, dark blue eyes, and of a loving disposition.

WILL by—Gus, twenty, thoroughly domesticated, and tall.

M. M. by—Emily, twenty-three, fair complexion, good-tempered.

CHARLES by—Gertrude, twenty-five, dark, thoroughly domesticated.

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